

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

No. 1321.—September 25, 1869.

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THE STORY OF AN AFTERNOON.

The clouds were up in the sky,
 And I was down on the earth,
 And a little heather was round about,
 And a bareness, and drought, and dearth.
 A waste of withering heather,
 A barren land and a poor,
 And nothing except the clouds in heaven,—
 And none but I on the moor;
 And a weary, weary, desolate day
 Going dolefully, dolefully by,
 With somebody ill on the earth away,
 Or well, away in the sky!

Oh well, away in the sky!
 But ill for me were it so —
 To be never more under the light of those eyes,
 With its rain-like overflow!
 To be left for ever outside
 Of the holding, folding arms,
 All undefenced in a wide, bleak world,
 And a host of possible harms!
 Ah, well for her in the quiet sky;
 But ill for me if she were,
 And a sore heart now that I cannot tell
 Which world containeth her!

Could I know she was up and at home,
 I might bethink me then
 Of all the terror and trouble of heart
 That would never be hers again.
 I would think of the trembling tone,
 And the failing, uncertain look,
 And the "dare not" of the averted eyes,
 And the hand that strained as it shook,
 And the terrible, terrible love
 That durst not look ahead
 To the certainty of being mourned,
 Or of mourning over the dead!

I would think of that other love,
 Grown suddenly great with sight;
 A love beyond the shadow of death,
 A love without affright: —
 An overgrowing love
 That should meekly all the rest,
 And make it sweet to be left from all
 And laid alone on his breast: —
 A perfect, quiet, satisfied love,
 With never a sorrow to come;
 A love at haven in a greater love,
 And first and for ever at home!

But I dare not think of it yet,
 I dare not think of it now,
 Lest the blood come throbbing back to the cheek,
 And the care-shade back to the brow;
 Lest I find I was only dreaming,
 And the peril *not* past, nor the wail;
 Lest I dream of her coming to port, and wake
 To find her out in the gale;
 And so the ungrateful tears
 Come swelling and sliding forth,
 And I forget to render thanks
 For a blessing left to the earth.

For oh, what work it is loving,
 If people will love so dear,
 And tremble between the going away
 And the burden and bondage here!
 For with such a heart to be hurt
 In such a world as this,
 Or with such a loneliness for me
 If she were up in her bliss,
 For her sake or for mine,—
 "For yours or my own," I said,
 "O daily pitied, or daily missed,
 I must weep you, living or dead!"

So home:—and a folded paper,
 And a pattern of words on the white,
 And a sudden blindness over the eyes
 And a rush of tears at the sight;
 And a face down deep in wetted hands,
 And a sinking, bending knee,
 And faltered thanks, and a blessed night
 Of waking ecstasy!
 And, awful with utter love,
 With a joy deep and pure after pain,
 There came a day that comforted me
 In her comforting arms again.
 Macmillan's Magazine.

B. B. B.

BETROTHAL.

O FOR one hour of such enchanted light
 As made a fairer daytime in the sky,
 When on the willow-bank we sat that night,
 My old-time love and I!

Awhile we talked so low and tenderly,
 We felt the listening trees above us lean;
 And louder far the silence seemed to me
 That fell at last between.

Her heart lay floating on its quiet thoughts,
 Like water-lilies on a tranquil lake;
 And Love within, unknown, because unsought,
 Lay dreaming half awake.

Ah, Love is lightest sleeper ever known!
 A whisper, and he started plain to view;
 Old as the heavens seemed our story grown,
 While yet the moon was new.

And when she spoke, her answer seemed the
 while
 Sweeter for sweetness of the lips that told,
 Setting a precious word within a smile —
 A diamond ringed with gold.

Then bloomed for us the perfect century-flower:
 Then filled the cup and overran the brim;
 And all the stars-processional, that hour
 Chanted a bridal hymn.

Ah, Time, all after-days may fly away,
 Such joy as that thou hast but once to give,
 And Love is royal from his crowning day,
 Though kingdomless he live.

From Macmillan's Magazine.
ROMAN IMPERIALISM.

LECTURES DELIVERED AT THE ROYAL INSTITUTION, 1869.

BY PROFESSOR SEELEY.

I. — THE GREAT ROMAN REVOLUTION.

In the famous controversy between Julius Cæsar and Brutus the present age takes a different side from the last. Brutus used to be considered in the right, but public opinion now declares for Cæsar. Cæsar's partisans, however, may state their case in two ways. They may represent him as having simply achieved a great administrative reform, and made government more efficient at the expense of republican liberties. This they may consider to have been on the whole a necessary and useful work, and they may respect Cæsar as a practical statesman, who had the wise hardihood to abolish venerated institutions when they had become, in the lapse of time, mischievous. But it is also possible to represent him as a great popular hero, the hope of all the subject nationalities of Rome, carried to power in their arms, and executing justice in their behalf upon the tyrant aristocracy that had oppressed them. If we take this view, no admiration or enthusiasm for him can be too ardent; and we not only regard Brutus and Cæsar differently from our fathers, but as it were reverse their positions. Cæsar becomes Brutus, and Brutus, Cæsar. Brutus is now the tyrant, for he represents the oppressive aristocracy, and Cæsar is the tyrannicide, who armed himself in the cause of the nations, and stabbed the oppressor, once at Pharsalus, again at Thapsus, and again at Munda.

This latter view might be supported if we could assume that all the consequences of the revolution which Cæsar conducted were intended by him and by his party. By that revolution in the end the exclusive domination of the Roman aristocracy and of the City was destroyed; the provincials, who before had been insolently oppressed, now began to be more considered and more mercifully treated. If this could not have happened without the deliberate intention of those who achieved it, then the Cæsarians become at once enlightened Liberals, and Cæsar the greatest Liberal leader that ever lived. We are obliged then to suppose

a vast tide of enthusiastic sentiment pervading the better part of the citizens, and the provincials moved by an ecstatic hope as the champion of mankind advances towards his final triumph, striking down one after another the enemies of the good cause. The Roman revolution is thus made to resemble the French, and Cæsar becomes a hero, a paragon, in whom appear the popular talents of Mirabeau, without his betrayal of the popular cause; the high aims of the Girondins, without their illusions; and the genius of Napoleon for war and government, without his egotism and brutality.

But the truth is that what Cæsar and his party intended is to be carefully distinguished from what they actually accomplished. The revolution had many beneficial results, which were indirect and little contemplated by its principal authors. If we study the movement itself we shall find that Cæsar was no champion of the provincials, that his party had no notion of redressing the wrongs of the provincials, that they were inspired by no desire to establish any general principle whatever, and by no enthusiasm except a military enthusiasm for their leader. The true nature of the revolution will very clearly appear, and its resemblance to the French Revolution will be shown to be an illusion.

It is certain, in the first place, that Cæsar did not in any degree owe his elevation to the favour of the provincials. He owed his elevation to the admirable efficiency of his army, and to his admirable use of it. This army contained no doubt Gallic auxiliaries, but the great muster of provincials was on the side of the senate. Cæsar's provincial auxiliaries were better drilled, and, like Roman legionaries, they were no doubt personally attached to him; but that he was the champion of their interests against the Senate never occurred to them. There is no trace that the provinces conceived themselves to have any special interest in the quarrel. According to their personal connexions with the two leaders they ranged themselves on one side or the other — the East for the most part with Pompeius, while Gaul was at the service of Cæsar. Their hearts, apparently, were not in the contest at all; but, if we ask on which side were their hands, we shall be

obliged to reply that so little did they understand Caesar to be their champion that the majority of them were ranged against him on the side of their oppressors.

But let us go on to ask, Why should they have regarded Caesar as their champion? What was there in his career which might lead them to suppose him more kindly disposed to them than any other proconsul of his time? His most conspicuous act was the conquest of Gaul. Let it be granted that the greatest service he could do to Gaul was to conquer it. Let us even grant, for the sake of argument, that he was himself aware of this, that he acted from purely philanthropical motives, and distinctly understood the conquest of Gaul to be a necessary stage to the evolution of humanity. Still his conduct was surely of a nature to be misunderstood by Gaul itself and by the provincials generally. His goodwill towards the non-Roman populations was not so apparent that it could not be mistaken. He stood before them covered with the blood of slaughtered Gauls, an object certainly more pleasing to Rome than to the subjects of Rome. He might not be detested so much as the plundering, peculating proconsuls, but he must have been more feared; and so far from appearing to the provincials a deliverer from the tyranny of Rome, he must have seemed to represent and embody that tyranny in its most irresistible and inexorable form.

But perhaps Caesar had, at some earlier time, identified himself with the provincials; perhaps he had introduced measures calculated to better their condition and enlarge their franchises; perhaps he had expressed disgust at the treatment they met with, and sympathy with their suffering. The answer is, that he had not distinguished himself in any such way. One or two prosecutions of extortionate provincial governors which he had undertaken could not give him any such distinction. Such prosecutions were recognized as the established way by which young men brought themselves into notice, and also as an established way of annoying the Senate. Yet these prosecutions were the only service he had ever rendered the provinces. In his consulship, at the time when he was the recognized leader of popular legislation,

he had not appeared as the champion of the provincials, but of quite a different class, whose interests were, if anything, somewhat antagonistic to the interests of the provincials—the poorer class of Roman citizens.

Again, if Caesar was no champion of the provincials, neither was his party, nor those earlier leaders of the party to whose position he had succeeded. Their constituency from the beginning had been a different one. When the great controversy was opened by Tiberius Gracchus, there were in the Roman world, not to count the slaves, three aggrieved classes: first, the poorer class of Roman citizens; secondly, the Italian allies who had not yet been admitted to the Roman citizenship; thirdly, the provincials. Now if the party which the movement of Gracchus called into existence, and which went on increasing its influence until, in the person of Julius Caesar, it triumphed over itself and its enemies together, had really been the party of the provincials,—if the Gracchi, and Marius, and Saturninus had been representatives of the interests of the empire as against the interests of the ruling city, they would have taken up the cause of all these aggrieved classes. The Italian allies, and still more the provincials, as the most numerous and the most oppressed class, would have claimed a larger share of their sympathy than the poor Romans. Yet, in fact, none of these leaders had ever said a word about the provincials, except, indeed, to propose that lands taken from them should be granted to Roman colonists. On the Italian allies they had not been altogether silent. Caius Gracchus had even undertaken their cause, but it then appeared clear not only that the party he represented was a different one, but that it was a party decidedly hostile to the Italians. The inclusion of the Italians in the colonization scheme of Marius also, according to Appian, “gave offence to the democracy.” The truth is that there had been men in Rome whose liberality was real and comprehensive, but they were not among the democratic leaders, the predecessors of Caesar. Two men in particular had disregarded party watchwords and had indulged sympathies not purely Roman.

Both of them were aristocrats, and inclined rather to the senatorian than to the popular party. These were Scipio Æmilianus and the great Roman Whig, Drusus. The former died probably by the hand of an assassin when he was on the point of bringing forward the cause of the Italians. The other succeeded for a moment in effecting a coalition between a section of the *noblesse*, a section of the people, and the Italians, and was prevented by an accursed dagger from earning a place among the most beneficent statesmen of all history.

The Italians forced their way through the pale of citizenship by a war in which the Senate and the democracy were allied in deadly hostility to them. Marius, the uncle and immediate predecessor of Cæsar, fought against them in this war, no less than Sulla, the champion of the aristocracy. When Cæsar appeared upon the scene, therefore, the cause of the Italians was already won, and there remained only two aggrieved classes—the Roman proletariat, crushed for the time by Sulla, and the provincials. Now it was the former, not the latter of these classes of which Cæsar made himself the champion. The provincials, as such, found no champion. Particular misgoverned provinces were from time to time patronized by rhetoricians who were equally ready, as Cicero showed himself, to take a brief from accused and evidently guilty governors; but neither Cæsar, nor any one else, ever raised the cry of justice to the provincials. Except in the case of the Transpadane province—a province only in name, being within the limits of Italy, and already in possession of the inferior or Latin franchise—Cæsar connected himself before the civil war with no measure of enfranchisement, and had given no pledge to the world that any oppressed class except the Roman populace would be the better, or have any reason to be thankful, for his success. No writer of the time regards Cæsar in the light of an emancipator. Cicero gives no hint that Cæsar's partisans defended his conduct on those grounds. That somewhat vacillating politician repeatedly in his letters balances the two parties against each other. He explains why, on the whole, he prefers Pompeius, but he has much to say against

Pompeius also. In these letters we might expect to find Cæsar's championship of the provincials, if he had ever undertaken or was supposed to have undertaken any such championship, discussed, and either allowed or rejected. Cicero, as a student of philosophy, was quite alive to enlarged and philanthropic considerations; if any such considerations made for Cæsar, we should surely have heard of it. But there is nothing in his letters to show that in the hot discussions which must have been everywhere going on any general principles were appealed to by the Cæsarians; that it had occurred to any Cæsarian to suggest, what occurs so naturally to us who know the sequel, that it was a monstrous injustice that the world should be governed in the interest of a single city; that the Senate were the authors and supporters of this system; that Cæsar was the man to put it down, and had undertaken to do so. The Cæsarians were a party without ideas.

It is most easy to delude ourselves into the belief that what actually happened was intended to happen; and since in this revolution the provinces did something towards throwing off the yoke of Rome, to describe the revolution as a convulsive effort on the part of the provinces to throw off the yoke of Rome. But the facts are before us, the process by which the revolution was accomplished can be clearly traced, and we can see that the provinces had no share at all in the revolution by which they ultimately benefited; that it was a purely Roman movement; that the evil—for there was such an evil—which the revolutionaries struggled against was of quite a different nature, and that the relief which the imperial system actually brought to the provincials was an indirect and secondary consequence of a general improvement in the machinery of government.

How, then, did the revolution really come about? Undeniably the immediate cause of the revolution was the practice, which had gradually sprung up, of conferring upon eminent generals for special purposes powers so extravagant as to enable the holders of them to rise above the laws. Where such a dangerous practice prevails revolution is at once accounted for. Such an experiment may be tried, and no revo-

lution follow; but at Rome it was tried often, once too often. How, then, came the Romans to adopt such a practice? What, on the one hand, was the occasion which led them to appoint these dangerous dictators? On the other hand, how came they to overlook the dangers? To both these questions it is possible to give a satisfactory answer, and to answer these questions is to explain the revolution.

Republicanism at Rome, though successful and glorious for so long a time, had, perhaps, always been, as a creed, confined to a class. Long after the expulsion of the kings, it had been necessary to watch with extreme jealousy every individual who drew public attention too exclusively to himself. Cassius, Manlius, Mælius, perished for their eminence, and this shows how large a proportion of the citizens were felt still to retain monarchical predilections. But the republic succeeded so well that such jealousy at length became unnecessary; the glory and the regal disposition of Africanus brought no danger to liberty, though they clouded the last years of the hero himself with moody discontent. The disease, however, was only kept under, it was not cured. The government of a person was the instinctive preference of the lower orders, though the great families were able, as it were to divide their allegiance among themselves. Anything which should weaken or disorganize this firm union of ruling houses, anything which should sever the lower orders from them, would in a moment bring the monarch upon the stage again. For more than half a century after the mortal struggle with Hannibal the ascendancy of the nobles over the lower orders continued unbroken, and then, through the mere growth of the population and change of circumstances, it began to decay. It was simply a moral ascendancy; by the constitution, the rabble of Rome could at any time take into their own hands legislation and government.

The first Gracchus, with perfectly pure intentions, showed them the way to do this. The second Gracchus, influenced perhaps by revenge and party-hatred, took this city rabble in hand, organized them, and formed them into a standing army of revolution. Spurius Mælius, in an earlier age, had been suspected of aiming at the tyranny when he sold corn at a low price to the poor during a famine. Caius Gracchus adopted the same plan. By his *lex frumentaria* he at once demoralized, and attached to the cause of revolution, a vast class which had before been in the tutelage of the aristocracy. The bond was now broken that at-

tached the people to the hereditary rulers. And how little this people cared for republican liberty became apparent the moment it began to think and act for itself. It did not at once destroy the existing government. The habit of deference and obedience long remained in a people naturally as deferential and fond of aristocracy as the English themselves. But as soon as any cause of discontent arose, or public needs became pressing, they took refuge at once in a monarch, whom they created, indeed, only for a limited period, but from whom they neither took nor cared to take guarantees that he would ever give back into their hands the powers which they had entrusted to him. Thus Caius Gracchus was supreme until his liberality began to include the Italians. Marius was supreme for five years, had, in fact, a longer reign than Julius Cæsar. Pompey in his turn received as much power as he cared to use; and, finally, by the Vatinian law, the people plainly told Cæsar that they were his subjects as soon as he chose to be their king. At this point the people disappear; in all subsequent contentions the two parties are the Senate and the army.

Still the people showed no eagerness for revolution. As I said, it was only in cases of need that they created a monarch. And it was only because these cases of need occurred frequently that monarchs were frequently created. And here arises the second question, What were these needs for which no other expedient could be devised? Perhaps it was the oppression practiced by the senatorial governors upon the provincials. If so, then it would be true that the imperial system was introduced in the interest of the subject nationalities. But nothing of the kind appears. In the quarrels between the Senate and the moneyed class (called knights), the wrongs of the provincials are often paraded, for both the Senate and the moneyed class had a strong interest in the provincials, the one as governors, the other as tax-farmers. But the democracy never concerned themselves in any way with the treatment of the provincials, for it was a question which did not at all affect their interests. Quite different were the reasons which led them to call in dictators, and, if we examine the different cases, we shall find that the real motive was always the same. There was one evil to which the empire was constantly exposed; one evil to cure which, and to cure which alone, the imperial system was introduced.

What made the people give supreme power to Marius, and continue it to him for five years? First, the failure of the aristocracy

cratic government to carry on the war with Jugurtha; afterwards, the imminent danger of the empire from the Cimbri and Teutones. What made them give extraordinary powers to Pompey, and afterwards extend and increase them? First, the alarming spread of piracy in the Mediterranean, stopping trade and threatening the capital with famine; next the necessity of exerting unusual power to crush Mithridates. What made them give extraordinary powers to Cæsar? Rumours of an intended emigration of the Helvetii, raising apprehensions of a danger similar to that which Italy had experienced from the Cimbric invasion. Nothing can be more certain than the connection of cause and effect in these cases. The history of the introduction of imperialism is briefly this: government at Rome was so little centralized that the empire was unable to grapple with any really formidable enemy that assailed it either from without or within. To save themselves from destruction they were compelled, or thought themselves compelled, to resort frequently to the obvious expedient of a dictator. The more frequently they did this, the more did the republican government fall into disuse and contempt, the more did men's minds and habits adapt themselves to a military régime. The new scheme of government, whenever it was tried, succeeded. It accomplished that for which it was created. It gave the empire inward security and good order; it crushed foreign enemies, and extended the boundaries of dominion from the Rhone to the Straits of Dover, and from the Mediterranean to the Euphrates. What wonder that in the end it supplanted the older constitution, when its advantages were so unmistakeable, and the one thing it took away, Liberty, was that which the proletariat of Rome and the democracy of Italy had never either understood or valued?

The Jacobins used to think of Cæsar as a great aristocrat, patriotically assassinated by the noble *sans-culotte*, Brutus. I confess it seems to me not much less untrue to describe him as a champion of nationalities, and a destroyer of aristocratic privilege and exclusiveness. It was the war-power, not the people, that triumphed in him. The people, indeed,—that is, the people of Italy,—were, in the first instance, the authors of his elevation, but it was not enfranchisement that they wanted, it was simply military protection. The enemies they feared were not a Catullus or a Cato, but Helvetic or German hordes. It was not aristocratic privilege they rebelled against, but aristocratic feebleness, the feebleness

which had led to the shameful treaty with Jugurtha, and the bloody defeat of Arausio.

That the revolution was a triumph, not of liberalism, but of military organization, will become still clearer if we now proceed to examine the new institutions which it introduced. Had Cæsar lived longer, he would no doubt have stamped a liberal character upon his work. Though he was no champion of the provinces, and though he owed his elevation immediately to the army, and only remotely to the democracy, yet his disposition was liberal, and his statesmanship bold, original, and magnanimous. He might therefore have developed at once and forced into ripeness those germs of good in the new system which, as it was, ripened but slowly. He might have taken away from Italy that unjust precedence in the empire which she retained for three centuries, and raised the provinces to citizenship and participation in the honours of the State. This he might have done, but had he done it he would have accomplished another revolution. That the empire at that time did not require such changes, even if it would have borne them, is plain from the fact that his successor Augustus was able to found a secure and durable imperial system,—was able, in fact, to conduct the movement which his uncle had begun to its natural goal, without appealing to any liberal tendencies. Augustus was in all things aristocratically disposed; his institutions bear the stamp of a conservative, exclusive, old Roman spirit. This did not prevent him from proving a most efficient successor to the liberal-minded Cæsar. It did not prevent him from being more completely successful than almost any statesman in history. The explanation of this is, that Liberalism was not of the essence of Cæsar's work. It adorned his character, and helped him in his early struggles, but the revolution he accomplished was independent of it, and when divorced from it could go on just as prosperously as before.

After the new system had been permanently settled in the tranquillity of the Augustan age, the great change which had passed over the empire was found to be this: A standing army had been created, and thoroughly organized, a uniform taxation had been established throughout the empire, and a new set of officials had been created, all of a military character, all wielding greater power than the republic had been accustomed to entrust to its officials, but, on the other hand, all subject to the effective and rigorous control of the emperor. In other words, in the place of

anarchy there had come centralization and responsibility.

We have heard much lately of the power which all organisms possess of differentiating special organs to meet special needs. The operation of this law is very visible in human society. In fact, it might be maintained that the whole history of a state is the record of a series of such differentiations. To take a simple example from Roman history:—At an early time the kings, and afterwards the consuls, were at the same time generals in war and judges in peace. Life had not yet become complex. But, as population and activity increased, these functions showed a tendency to separate. At first all that the citizens were conscious of was, that it was necessary to have three men instead of two to do the work. So they created a prætor, with precisely the same functions as the consuls. But Nature knew better, and by the gradual operation of a silent decree took away from the consuls their judicial functions, and from the prætor his military functions. Thus a differentiation was accomplished: and whereas there had been before but one organ of government, there were now two unlike each other; and whereas before all authority was conceived as of one kind, it was now regarded as two-fold, administrative and judicial. Now we may apply this principle to the great Roman revolution, and describe it as a differentiation. War had originally been conceived as a function devolving equally upon the citizens. When the military season came on, the farmer or shop-keeper left his peaceful occupations, donned his armour, and presented himself before the consul in the Campus Martius. When the campaign was over, he went back to his work. But the larger the territory of the State became, the heavier the task that devolved upon its armies, the more numerous its dangers, the more extensive its vulnerable frontier, the more imperiously did Nature call for a military differentiation. The special need must be met by a special organ. A special class of men must be set apart for special military functions. I have shown that it was the necessity of defending the State against its foreign enemies that caused the revolution. In the throes of this revolution the new organ made its appearance. On the restoration of tranquillity, the Roman Empire is seen to be guarded by an institution which had been unknown to the republic, by a standing army of twenty-five legions.

This change constitutes by itself a vast social revolution in comparison with which any changes in the form of political govern-

ment are insignificant. The rise of standing armies in modern Europe is well known to mark a great epoch. But it was a much less sudden and radical change than the corresponding change in the Roman Empire. For when the citizen resigned his arms to the professional soldier, he did not merely, as might at first sight appear, relieve himself of a disagreeable duty, disencumber himself of a burden which hampered his industry. He did much more than this; he placed himself under entirely new conditions of life. He parted with all his traditions, and blindly undertook to explore a new world. In the first place he resigned his liberty. We in England, who have witnessed the reconciliation of standing armies with liberty, may have some difficulty in understanding how impossible was any such reconciliation in the Roman Empire. But it is undeniable that under the imperial system the Roman did lose his liberty. With an equivalent, or without an equivalent, he parted with it, and no one who examines the history can doubt what cause principally contributed to deprive him of it. The emperor possessed in the army an overwhelming force, over which the citizens had no influence, which was totally deaf to reason or eloquence, which had no patriotism because it had no country, which had no humanity because it had no domestic ties. To this huge engine of despotism it was vain to oppose any resistance. Human free-will perished in its presence as in the presence of necessity. Not in institutions only, but in the hearts of men, liberty withered away, and its place was taken by servility and stoicism, and Byzantine Christianity. It may occur to us that checks to the emperor's authority over the army might have been devised. But these are modern notions. The army was called into existence not by enactments, but by revolution, and there was no collective wisdom anywhere, no parliament which could call attention to the danger, or discuss it, or provide safeguards against it.

But, at the introduction of standing armies, the Roman citizen parted with something else, something which lies not less near than liberty to the springs of human character. He parted with the conception of war as the business of life. The great military nation of the world—the nation which had bred up its successive generations to the task of subduing mankind, which by unrivalled firmness of cohesion, by enduring tenacity of purpose, by methodic study and science of destruction, had crushed all the surrounding nationalities, not with a temporary prostration mere-

ly, but with utter and permanent dissolution — now found its work done and its occupation gone. The destructive theory of life had worked itself out. The army itself henceforth existed mainly for defence, and the ordinary citizen was no longer concerned with hostilities of any kind, whether offensive or defensive. Human life was forced to find for itself a new object. The feelings, the aspirations, the tastes, the habits, that had hitherto filled it and given it dignity, became suddenly out of date. It was as if a change had passed over the atmosphere in which men lived, as if the temperature had suddenly fallen many degrees, making all customs obsolete at once, giving an antiquated and inappropriate look to the whole framework of life. It was a revolution which struck with incongruousness and abortiveness the very instinctive impulses of men, placed an irreconcilable difference between habit and reason, preconception and fact, education and experience, temperament and reality, the world within and the world without. This might have a bright side. Poets sang of a golden age returned, and they hymned industrialism in exquisite language: —

"Agricola incurvo terran molitur aratro."

But the real enjoyment of the new state of things was still remote, and required to be nursed by habit. It was an uncomfortable transition when the old instincts and ardours were superannuated and no new animating principle yet discovered. The new bottles had come before the new wine: the loss was felt far more keenly than the gain; the parting guest was shaken by the hand more warmly than the comer. A sullen torpor reigned in the first years of the millennium of peace, listlessness fell upon the dwellers in that uncongenial Paradise; Mars and Quirinus were dead, and He who was to consecrate peace was scarcely born. Men were conscious of a rapid cooling of the air, of a chill gathering round them — the numbness that follows a great loss, the vacancy that succeeds a great departure:

"In urns and altars round,
A drear and dying sound
Affrights the flamens at their service quaint."

I hope to return to this subject. Meanwhile, let me point out how the other institutions of the imperial system were determined by the presence of the standing army. Such a great force could not be kept up, particularly as Augustus renounced the profitable course of conquest, without a rigorous system of taxation. Augustus organized a land-tax for the whole empire,

and laid the foundation of that fiscal system which in the end crushed the very life out of the people. Further, a great military system requires that great power shall be entrusted to individuals. Personal authority is the characteristic military principle. When, therefore, the standing army was organized, this principle received a great development.

From the beginning, the empire had many more great posts than the republic. It created the *legatus legionis* or commander of a legion (the legion had before been commanded in a very ineffective way by the tribunes in succession). This new officer, commanding more than six thousand men, held prætorian rank, and there were not less than twenty-five such officers at once. Besides this, three new prefectures were created — the prefecture of the prætorian guard, the prefecture of the city, and the prefecture of the watch. If we compare these new city officers with the city magistracies of the republic, we find that they confer a greater amount of power because their term is not limited to a year, and also that they all bear a military character since an armed guard was attached to each. Another office, still more characteristic of the empire, was that of the *legatus Augusti*; this was the title given to the governor of one of the great frontier provinces. He united the functions of civil governor with the command sometimes of two or three legions and as many allied troops — that is, an army of twenty or thirty thousand men. He was appointed by the emperor, and, like every one else, was responsible to him. It is true that the proconsuls and prætors of the republic had often held power as great, and with less responsibility; but when the standing army was fully organized and the frontier of the empire finally determined, these great commands became permanent, and not merely occasional. The great legates of the Rhine were regularly appointed, always with much the same range of power; and as they were not chosen by the haphazard system of popular election out of a few privileged families, but selected with tolerable impartiality, for the most part, out of those who had approved their powers of government in inferior positions, they appeared much more considerable personages than the provincial governors of the republic. This seems to me the fairest side of the imperial system. Essentially military, it was an incomparable school of great military officers. It produced in singular abundance men capable of great commands, and conducting themselves in such posts, not merely with ability, but with jus-

tice and moderation, though generally also with the hardness of their military profession. Such men as Plautius, Corbulo, Vespasian, Agricola, Trajan, all held the post of *legatus Augusti*, and they are the glory of the empire.

Surrounded by this splendid staff of military officers, prefects, legates, and commanders of legions, appeared the Emperor. In modern history, only Napoleon has occupied a position at all similar,—absolute disposer of an army of 300,000 men, and keeping his eye at the same time on military operations as distant from each other as the Thames from the Euphrates. His power was from the beginning so great, and became so speedily unlimited, that we are apt to lose ourselves in generalities in describing it. But if we examine the process by which this power grew up, if we watch the genesis of Leviathan, we shall clearly see the special need which he was differentiated to meet—we shall plainly discover that he sprang, not out of democracy, not out of any struggle for equality between rich and poor, or between citizen and provincial, but out of the demand for administrative, and especially military, centralization. That Julius Cæsar began life as a demagogue is a fact which tends to confuse our notions of the system which he introduced. Let us rather fix our attention on Augustus, who founded and organized the empire as it actually was and as it lasted till the time of Diocletian. He began as a professed Senatorian, he acquired the support of the army, he became ultimately emperor; but with the democracy he never had any connexion. It was the object of his life to justify his own power by showing the necessity of it, and by not taking more power than he could show to be necessary. The profound tranquillity of his later years proved that he had satisfied the empire. The uneasiness and unrest which had filled the whole century that preceded the battle of Actium had shown that the empire wanted something which it could not find. The peace which filled the century which followed it, the general contentment which reigned, except among the representatives of the fallen republic, showed that the empire had found that of which it was in search. Yet assuredly no comprehensive enfranchisement, no democratic leveling of classes, had taken place. If the ancient boundaries had been overleaped in the times of disturbance, Augustus devoted himself as soon as peace was retored to punishing such transgressions, and preventing the recurrence of them. His legislation is a system of exclusions, a code of privilege and class jealousy. It consists of

enactments to make the enfranchisement of slaves difficult, enactments to prevent freedmen from assuming the privileges of the freeborn. He endeavoured to revive the decaying order of the patriciate, the oligarchy of the oligarchy itself—a clique which excluded Cato, and into which Augustus himself had gained admission only by adoption. He took pains to raise the character of the Senate, which was the representative of the aristocratic party, and to depress the Comitia, which represented the democracy. He bore, indeed, to his uncle a relation not unlike that which Sulla bore to Marius. Assuredly, any one who studies the Augustan age alone would conclude that in the long contest between aristocracy and democracy, aristocracy had come out victorious. Both parties, indeed, had sacrificed much, but in the Augustan age democracy was nowhere; aristocracy was on the lips of the prince and in his legislation; it was unfashionable to mention the name of Julius; the great historian of the age spoke with admiration, and nowhere with reproach, of his assassins, and earned from his master the epithet of the “Pompeian.” Yet we are told this did not interrupt their friendship. The truth is, Augustus was very much a Pompeian himself; an aristocrat to the core, and sympathizing with the old republic in all things, he was yet the worthy and legitimate heir of his uncle, because he laboured successfully to complete what his uncle had begun; and this an aristocrat could do as well as a democrat, namely, to give the Roman world centralization.

Monarchy has often been used in the interest of the people as a means of coercing an insolent aristocracy. The Greek *ῥιπάριοι* of the sixth century B. C., were popular sovereigns of this kind. But monarchy can also be used in the interest of aristocracy itself. Thus the monarchy of Louis XIV. was oppressive to the people, and supported itself upon the loyalty and sympathy of the noblesse. Now the Roman world wanted monarchy for its own sake, that is, it wanted a strong and centralized government; whether the monarchy favoured the democracy or the aristocracy was a matter comparatively of indifference. The first monarch was democratic, the second aristocratic, but both were equally successful, both equally satisfied the wants of the time. For, unlike in most respects as Augustus showed himself to Julius, he followed him closely in the one essential point. Though without much talent or taste for war, he jealously kept in his own hands the whole military administration of the empire. Here alone he showed no reserve and wore no disguise,

though in assuming civil powers no monarch was ever more cautious, or showed more anxiety not to go further than public necessity forced him. He became permanent commander-in-chief; and — what shows clearly the conception which was formed of his special function — all provinces which were in the neighbourhood of an enemy, and in which a large military establishment was to be kept up, were committed to his care, and governed by his commissioners. He assumed, besides, the power of a proconsul in every province, by which means he became a kind of Governor-General of all the conquests of Rome. If we examine the powers which were given to Pompey in the war with the pirates, we shall see that they were very similar to these, and that in fact the imperial system may be considered as a kind of permanent Gabinian Law, an arrangement by which a general was empowered to wield at his discretion all the military force of the empire, and to interfere in civil government so far as he might consider the military exigencies of the State demanded.

It confirms this view to find that the most serious embarrassment which Augustus met with, particularly in his later years, was the evident superiority in military ability of Agrippa to himself, for this superiority carried with it a sort of natural title to supersede Augustus as emperor, and the difficulty was only surmounted by a kind of tacit compact by which Augustus bound himself to deny Agrippa nothing, and Agrippa not to claim all, while in the meanwhile they placed themselves as much as possible in distant parts of the empire, and so avoided the danger of a collision. This view at the same time explains the infinite alarm with which Augustus received the news of the defeat of Varus in Germany, and the loss of three legions. Rome had weathered much worse storms than this. But what struck Augustus was that his system could not stand for a moment if it did not secure that for which it existed, the safety of the frontiers; that liberty and republican pride would be felt to have been sacrificed in vain, that Cato, and Pompey, and Cicero, and Brutus would seem to have been martyrs, if the empire was still liable to barbaric invasion.

Considered in this light, the imperial system will appear to have had for a long time a splendid success. Though the imperial period is inferior as a period of foreign conquest to the period of Marius, Sulla, Pompey, and Cæsar, this is not owing to any military superiority of republicanism, but to the fact that the imperial system had been practically introduced long before it was

legally recognized. It was not by republicanism, but by a temporary suspension of republican principles that the great generals I have just mentioned achieved their conquests. Pompey in the East and Cæsar in Gaul were as absolute as Trajan, and it was because they were so that they had such great success. Their conquests, therefore, may be claimed for the imperial system, though not for the imperial period; and to estimate the military effectiveness of the republican system, we must look back to the disastrous years when general after general succumbed to Jugurtha's gold, and army after army to Cimbric hordes. It is true that the imperial system did not in the long run succeed, that the very evil which it was created to avert fell in the end upon the empire, that the frontier was passed at all points, and that the barbaric world overbore the Roman. But two centuries passed before the system showed any signs of inadequacy.

Such, then, in its design and in its direct working was the imperial system, simply a concentration of military force. But since it affected such a vast area, its indirect consequences are not less important than its direct ones. Of these the principal were two, the extinction of liberty, and the increase of material happiness. Of the first I have already spoken; it is displayed in a striking light throughout the history of the Senate in its relation to the emperors. The Senate had always been the vital institution of republican Rome. In it was embodied the force which had resisted Hannibal, which had made the Italians into a compact and homogeneous people, which had subjugated Sicily, Spain, Greece, and Carthage. Without this institution, this body of life-peers freely chosen by a people who liked neither self-government nor slavery, but liberty to choose their governors — without the freedom of each senator with respect to the rest, and the freedom of the people in the election of the Senate, Rome could never have become great. The popular assemblies had always been insignificant by the side of the Senate, and Augustus was right to elevate the Senate rather than the popular assemblies when he wished to persuade the people that their venerated republic still existed. Henceforward the Senate and the emperor confronted each other like the past and the present. The Senate was respected; it was replenished with the leading men of the time; trouble was even taken by the emperors to maintain its character; it was eloquent; its debates and the lives of its members preserved the tradition of old Roman virtues; it was

allowed to talk republicanism, and to canonize the "Pharsalica turba," the martyrs who had fallen in resisting Cæsar; it was highly cultivated and fond of writing history, a dignified literary club. But it had not power, in truth it had not reality. It is a painful or a majestic phenomenon, according as it acts or refrains from action. When it acts, it is like Lear with his hundred knights brawling in his daughter's palace. In a moment the wicked look comes upon Regan's face; the feeling of his helplessness returns upon the old man, and the *hysterica passio* shakes him. But so long as it remains passive it is an impressive symbol, and there is something touching in the respect with which the emperor treated it. Seldom has any State shown such a filial feeling towards its own past as the Romans showed in the tenderness with which they preserved through centuries a futile and impotent institution, because it represented the institutions of their ancestors. Like a portrait of the founder of the family in some nobleman's house, such was the Senate in the city of the Cæsars. It was not expected to move or act; nay, its moving seemed prodigious and ominous; it was expected "picture-like to hang by the wall;" and so long as it did this it was in no danger of being despised or thought superfluous, but, on the contrary, was held precious and dear.

Meanwhile liberty was actually dead, and several centuries passed in which Europe resembled Asia. That effeminacy fell upon men which always infects them when they live for a long time under the rule of an all-powerful soldiery. But with effeminacy there came in process of time a development of the feminine virtues. Men ceased to be adventurous, patriotic, just, magnanimous; but, on the other hand, they became chaste, tender-hearted, loyal, religious, and capable of infinite endurance in a good cause.

The second indirect consequence was an increase of material happiness.

The want of system, which had exposed the empire to foreign enemies, had created at the same time much internal misery. Imperialism, introducing system and unity, gave the Roman world in the first place internal tranquillity. The ferocious civil conflicts of Marius and Sulla had sprung out of republican passions, which were now for good as well as evil stilled. The piracy which had reigned in the Mediterranean was no longer possible with a permanent Gabinian Law, with a Pompey always at the head of affairs. One new danger, indeed, was introduced—the danger of military revolutions; but, formidable as the power of the army was, it was found possi-

ble to restrain it from the worst extremities for two centuries. The dreadful year 69, which recalled the days of Cinna, was the only serious interruption to the tranquil course of government between the accession of Augustus and the death of Aurelius. Whatever Cæsar took from his country, he gave it two centuries of peaceful government.

Once more: he gave to the government of the empire a somewhat more equitable spirit. It was not for this purpose that his army raised him to power, but centralization carried with it of necessity the result. The cruelty with which the provinces were governed was of the kind that is always produced in government by want of system. There was no one upon whom it was incumbent to consider the interests of the provinces. The Senate, to which all such affairs were left, consisted of the very men who had the strongest interest in plunder and extortion. The provincial governments were divided among the aristocracy as so much preferment; the whole order lived upon the plunder of the world, and nothing is more manifest than that such a system could never be reformed from within. The difficulty of getting the House of Commons to put down bribery at elections would have been as nothing compared to the difficulty of inducing the Roman Senate to reform the government of the provinces.

The new power which was now created proved very serviceable for this end. The emperor had no interest in any misgovernment; he was in a position to judge it coldly, and he had power to punish it. At the same time, in the general revision of the whole administration which now took place, the establishments of the provincial governors were put upon a better footing, and, in particular, stated salaries were assigned to them. A better system undoubtedly was introduced, and we may believe that the monstrous misgovernment of the republic passed away. From this time it may probably be said of the countries conquered by Rome that they were better governed than they had been in their times of independence. But it does not appear that they were governed positively well. Oppression and extortion, though on a reduced scale, seem still to be the order of the day.

In conclusion, then, that great controversy between Cæsar and Brutus, that question whether Cæsar was a benefactor or a scourge to his kind, seems to me too vast to be answered with any confidence. The change he accomplished had remote consequences not less momentous than the immediate ones. If the nations owed to

him two centuries of tranquillity, it is not less true that the supremacy he gave to military force in the moment when he ordered the passage of the Rubicon, led to the frightful anarchy of the third century, and ultimately to the establishment of Oriental sultanism in Europe. If he relieved considerably the oppression of the provinces, he also destroyed the spirit of freedom in the Romans, and I do not feel able to calculate exactly how much is lost when freedom is lost. But what it is hard for us to compute, I am persuaded that Cæsar himself could calculate far less. Like other great conquerors, he had "the hook in his nose," and accomplished changes far more and greater and other than he knew. He had energy, versatility, and unconquerable resolution, but he was no philosopher; and yet to measure in any degree the consequences of such actions would have taxed

an Aristotle. I believed that he looked very little before him, that he began life an angry demagogue, with views scarcely extended beyond the city; that in the anarchy of the time he saw his chance of rising to power by grasping the skirts of Pompey; that in Gaul he had no views that any other proconsul might not have had, only greater ability to realize them; that at the head of his army and his province he felt to the full a great man's delight in ruling strongly and well; that during this period the corruption of the Senate and the anarchy of the city became more and more contemptible to him, but that in the civil war his objects were still mainly personal; and that it was not till he found himself master of the Roman world that his ideas became as vast as his mission, and that he became in any way capable of understanding the purport of his own career.

A LITTLE volume, *Iona*, by Wade Robinson (Moffat), shows considerable promise. On the sonnets, indeed, of which the volume mainly consists, we cannot bestow very high praise. Difficulties are attractive to the young, and the sonnet is, therefore, a favourite model. And it has its advantages, this perhaps, above all, that it is a great help to compression; but it requires more skill than an unpractised writer can command. Here is a sonnet that has a thought in it and some power of language, but offends because the mechanical difficulties are not fully overcome:—

ON LAW.

"God in the gray beginning did ordain
His laws, His servants, Each an ancient thing,
Sits in his own domain a vassal king,
And reigns within the universal reign.
Here is the power that cures, the power that kills:
No empty promises, no feeble slips,
No blowing-out of doom thro' thunder lips,
To spend its terrors moaning in the hills.
Here is the rule which knows not haste or pause,
Fity or bribe, nor sways with doubts and fears;
Here is the vast machinery of the years;
And he who madly breaks the eternal laws,
Not them breaks, dreadful with wide-flashing
steels,
But breaks himself among the slow restatless
Wheels."

We prefer, on the whole, the other poems. We give two stanzas from the "Foreign Grave":—

"Small strip of unremembered mould,
No tears bedew its lonely bound;
It folds away in alien ground
What we again shall never fold.
And when we how to meet the call
From hollow glooms, it will not be
To stretch our quiet bones with thee—
The world between us, we shall fall
"And sleep: unless thro' wind or bird
Or other chance of chanceful fate

Some atoms of our ashes met,
With all the kindred in them stirred,
Shall heave, in leaf or blossom moved,
On sighings of a summer day,
And dream of summers far away,
And us together, O Beloved!"

"The Cross on the Deck," which we would gladly quote, is another fine thing. Spectator.

The Theory of Ocular Defects and of Spectacles. From the German of Dr. Hermann Scheffler. By Robert B. Carter, F.R.C.S. (Longmans.)—This book is of too technical a character to be discussed in these columns, but we may briefly call the attention of our readers to its contents. It is a recent, or at all events recently applied discovery in medical science that there are defects in the eyes other than the weaknesses of various organs in them; that, to use popular language, they may be out of focus, and that these defects may be remedied by peculiarly-constructed glasses. A case has come under the writer's own observation in which the patient suffered from what appeared to be weakness of sight, and was treated, there being no visible cause, for depression or general weakness of health, till it was discovered by an eminent oculist that there was something wrong, so to speak, in the arrangement of the eyes. Glasses were constructed to remedy the defect, and the sight was immediately restored. It is perfectly certain that there are numbers of persons who still suffer in this respect from the not inexcusable ignorance of their medical attendants. Spectator.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

AT THE COTTAGE.

It was no "pride that apes humility" which caused the Blackburns to speak of their residence on the Curlew as "the cottage." It was indeed a miniature house, with everything about it, including the scenery, of the same duodecimo description. The river itself, although pretty deep, was but thirty feet across; the banks on each side, albeit quite precipitous, could scarcely be called cliffs; and although at the bridge on the road to Mosedale they diverged, leaving a broad view to the inhabitants of the Fishery, and allowing air and sun to visit it freely, at the spot on which Richard had built his bower, there was but just room for a narrow carriage-road, which led past it through the still contracting gorge to a mill about a mile up stream, after which it became a mere horse-track to Redmoor. On the opposite side there was not even a footpath, the bank descending quite sheer. Had the road not existed, the cottage would have been upon an island. As it was, it stood upon a curved promontory, the small portion of which not actually occupied by the building was devoted to the tiniest of flower-gardens; on to this the windows of the two small sitting-rooms looked, and indeed immediately opened, so that one step from either brought you among the roses, which seemed to grow in mid-stream. If there had been any object of size within sight, the whole scene would have been dwarfed, and made almost ridiculous, from the exceedingly small scale of everything; but being where it was, nothing could be more perfect and charming. It might have been transported, bridge and all, to the stage of Old Drury (on which there would have been plenty of room for it), and used with the lime-light for the performance of *La Sonnambula*. On the Curlew, there was sometimes a moon, which, in its humble way, was also not ineffectual; bridge and stream, cottage and garden, were then bathed in such dreamy splendour as no brush can portray.

There was a boat-house attached to this little territory, looking like a boat towed astern by a ship which is not much bigger; and it was for it, or rather its contents, that the whole place had been erected by Fisherman Richard without the slightest reference to the picturesque. For him the Curlew had had no other charms beyond that one caught fish in it. The decorations of the little dining-room were characteristic in a high degree of its former owner, and if not artistic, had a certain quaint and natural

fitness of their own. It was a sort of fisherman's sanctum, where everything that is most dear to the lovers of the gentle art was reverently enshrined. Not only did every weapon—net, and rod, and spear—that is used against the finny tribe, find a place about its walls and across its low, raftered roof, but even the very fishes were there that had fallen victims to them. Unlike those barbarians who eat the prisoners whom they take in war, Richard had preserved his finest captives and stuffed them. The grinning trophies of his skill swam, as it were, each in his ample glass case, round and round the room—here a vast pike with cruel jaws agape, and here a speckled trout, and here a fat round chub; each, too, had the particulars of its capture described with great minuteness upon a written label. "This pike was killed a little above Curlew Bridge, by Richard Blackburn, Esq., of Blackburn Manor, with this hook" (a very rusty little weapon by this time), "and part of this line. It weighed twenty-seven and a half pounds;" and so on. Stuffed water-birds, "Shot by Richard Blackburn of Blackburn Manor," alternated with their hereditary foes or victims, so that the whole apartment had the appearance of a natural history museum. The drawing-room was destitute of ornament, though literature and art were in a manner represented by the "*Angler's Guide*" and a book of artificial flies, which lay on the otherwise empty shelves.

Mrs. Blackburn's efforts at decoration had been confined to the invalid's apartment, which had, in accordance with a suggestion of Ellen's, been wainscoted with mirrors, so that he could command from his pillow the bridge and all who passed over it, as well as the road and a long reach of river. If the poor Squire had been acquainted with the poets, he might have likened himself to the Lady of Shalott, to whom the world was shewn in the same fashion; for he, too, "saw the highway near," "the red cloaks of the market-girls," the pack-horses of the miller with their white sacks, the farmer "on his ambling pad," and all the life that the place afforded. For him, too, "the river eddy whirled" continuously, and the still pool dimpled, while the stealthy rush of the main stream close by soothed him with its monotone. "Men may come and men may go," it doubtless said to him, if not in those very words, yet with their full significance, "but I flow on for ever." It was a tender and provident thought that had thus supplied him with visions of a world to which he would have been otherwise blind,

and it seemed to afford him pleasure. That very afternoon his eyes were seen to brighten as across the little bridge rode Lucy Waller, who even so soon had come on horseback, doubtless to inquire how the sick man had borne his journey. He saw her stop to look up with pity at his open lattice-window, and to kiss her hand to Ellen standing in the garden beneath.

Lucy found her friend somewhat pale from the shock she had lately suffered, but of which Ellen said not a word. Her uncle's conduct was inexplicable to her. She had often known him dictatorial and menacing, but always with some definite object to be gained. But what could his design be now in bidding her, as he had expressed it, "play fast and loose" with Herbert Stanhope? As for obeying him, the idea never entered into her mind; but it was scarcely less degrading to have had such a shameful course of conduct enjoined upon her. Upon the whole, taking into consideration his behaviour on the previous portion of the journey, she was inclined to think that her uncle's brain was getting disordered through his intemperate habits. But even that was not a comforting reflection, for he was not likely to amend his ways in the seclusion of the Fishery, where there was still less to occupy him than at the Manor.

"What a paradise you have got here!" cried Lucy when she found herself in the rose-garden. "To me, just come out of smoky Mosedale, it seems too beautiful to be real. I think, as I look at it, surely this will all melt away before my eyes."

"It is very pretty," said Ellen sighing; "and yet, though I have begun to miss you so already, I would not have you here with us if I could."

"Not have me here! Why not?"

Ellen coloured; for she had uttered that wish involuntarily, with Uncle William's words about Lucy still ringing in her ears.

"Well, it seems so lonely," said she, "and so shut out of the world. The river, too, has such a melancholy sound."

"As one thinks, darling, so the bell tinks," said Lucy archly. "What would you say, now, if I made the stream discourse music to you, and the sunshine stay here all day?"

"O Lucy, you have seen John."

"What an excellent guesser of riddles you are, my dear," cried Lucy laughing. "Yes, I have seen him, and that is partly why I came so soon here to see you. I thought it would please you to know that he is so near—that if, for instance, you dropped this rose-leaf into the swift stream, it would float to him in a few minutes."

"How good and kind you are to think of John and I, when"—There was something, if not of annoyance, yet of embarrassment in her friend's face that made Ellen hesitate to finish the sentence, as she had intended to do, with some reference to Lucy's dead lover. Something, too, there was in the nature of Lucy's last remark which suddenly struck her and made her pause. Lucy was always kind; but such a tender thought as that of the mere nearness of her lover making Ellen happy, was somewhat uncharacteristic of Mr. Waller's daughter. Could love itself, new love, have possibly suggested it to her?

"What's that?" said Ellen, pretending to be interrupted by a sound that broke upon her ear—the slow beat of a horse's feet. "There is some one coming down the road from Redmoor; I wonder whether it is Mr. Stanhope."

"It is likely enough," said Lucy carelessly, and turning her head in the opposite direction.—"What a pretty picture might be made of yonder reach, with the arch of the bridge for its frame." She had suddenly grown pink to the ear-tips.

"And what did you say to John, Lucy? Or, if you will not confess that, what was it he said to you?"

"Well, my darling, the fact is, he has come down again to Mosedale upon the same business as before, it seems; there is something wrong again with the reservoir. You must not be angry, dear Ellen, but I am afraid papa is vexed with Mr. Denton."

"Vexed with John?" cried Ellen, in a tone that would have fitted "Vexed with the sunshine? vexed with the blue air?"

"What can he be vexed with John about?"

"I can't tell, dear; but so it is. Papa is greatly worried by other matters just now—grievously troubled, I may say—and doubtless he was easily put out. There has been, at all events, some difference of opinion between them; and Mr. Denton declines to be our guest. I am more annoyed by it than I can tell you."

"But what did John say, Lucy? I mean, what were his very words?"

"Oh, of course he said nothing within my hearing but what was pleasant: regretted exceedingly that he felt himself unable to take advantage of our hospitality, and so forth. He will be some time in the town, however, and I hope the matter will be made up: indeed, I heard him tell papa that a day or two would decide which of them was in the right."

"But did he send no message to me?"

"Well, papa was with me, darling, so that he could not be very communicative;

but when I spoke of you, it was easy to see in whose safe keeping he had placed his heart. I told him, of course, that you had come here, within a mile or two of Mosedale. 'What! at the Fishery Cottage?' cried he; and you should have seen how he flushed up. Though you may not write to him, there would be no harm in your gathering a rose, and giving it to him by deputy, would there?"

Ellen plucked a flower, and smiling her thanks, kissed Lucy fondly.

"What! am I to give him that too?" said the other laughing. — "There, how serious that has made you look! What a thing it is to be jealous!"

"No, dear, it was not that; what makes me grave is the thought of there being any quarrel between John and Mr. Waller. I can't understand it."

"That is because you don't understand business, dear. So long as men have nothing to do with each other's affairs, they consort together as peaceably as women, and more so. They chatter and laugh, and tell stories to one another, like school-boys in holiday-time. But directly a question of pecuniary interest arises to set them in antagonism, they grow hard and rude enough."

"But John is never hard nor rude, I am sure."

"Well, I don't know Mr. Denton so well as you do," said Lucy laughing; "but I must confess he was rather excited in his manner this morning — quite as much so as papa: though papa was most to blame, since he was in his own house. But, O Ellen, he is so full of trouble, if you only knew, you would forgive him all, I'm sure. But hush; don't let us talk about it. Here is some one coming. — Why, how slowly you ride, Mr. Stanhope! We have heard your horse's hoofs this quarter of an hour. We thought it was the miller's nag with the sacks."

"I am glad to hear that any grist comes to my mill," said Herbert rather ruefully. "Mr. Moffat has just been proving to me that it never does. — How is your grandfather, Miss Ellen, after his long drive? And how do you all like your new quarters? At present, I can scarcely congratulate you upon the change: I have not seen you look so pale these many weeks. I am afraid you had an anxious journey."

"I am quite well, thank you," said Ellen coldly; for there was something just then displeasing to her in the manifestation of Mr. Stanhope's interest; "but we are all a little tired."

"Don't you believe her," cried a gruff

voice from the dining-room, where Mr. William had been keeping himself private with the object of ascertaining whether Ellen should say anything to Lucy of his recent behaviour, but had only overheard enough of the conversation to make him suspicious. "We are only moped to death in this rat-hole. Come in, and let's be jolly. What say you to our taking the young ladies on the water? Miss Lucy will come with me in the skiff, and you can take the punt with Ellen."

"Thank you, Mr. William, but I have no time just now," said Lucy, gathering up the skirts of her riding-habit. "I promised papa to return home as soon as I had seen how you all were."

"And I must go up to grandfather," said Ellen, "and take him these flowers. — Good-bye, dear Lucy; you will be here early to-morrow, will you not, and spend a good long day with us?"

"As soon after breakfast as I can get papa away, dear; and I will be sure not to forget your message."

"Message! what message?" inquired Mr. William testily, with a mistrustful glance at his niece.

"Never you mind, Mr. William," said Lucy gaily; "that message is under the rose."

CHAPTER XXXIV.

THE WARNING.

As is usual with folks who find themselves in new quarters, the household at the Fishery were astir early the next morning, which was a warm and sunny one. Mr. William — who had retired late, as was his wont, and kept Stanhope from his bed with urgent appeals for another cigar and one more glass of grog — rose earlier than any. He was heard fussing about the house a little after dawn, and rousing up the old fisherman, who was attached to the premises much as the punt was, without which he rarely moved. He had been Squire Richard's factotum on the river, and had gauged the capacity of every curve, and fall, and pool with respect to fish. The previous night, he had cast bread upon the waters in the shape of a gallon of worms, in a particular spot miles away down stream — from which investment he had promised Mr. William great results; and the two were off together, long before the breakfast-hour, on that hopeful expedition. They had taken plenty of provisions with them, and it was understood that they would not return till late in the afternoon. Ellen at her chamber-window, heard their gruff voices mingle with the

grating of the punt-pole, and saw them glide aslant across the yielding lilies, and into the shadow of the bridge, and sighed. They were going whither she would fain have gone, poor girl; and would presently pass Mosedale, and perhaps see *him*.

The swallows were skimming across the stream, and dipping their wings; the dragon-flies were flitting about like living light; the fish leaped high in air, and sank in widening circles; and all the life of the river was awake and glad. The garden beneath, new dipped in dew, sent up its grateful incense; and the fresh voices on the air seemed to call her to come forth and enjoy. Ah! if she could only have been free to welcome him to that new home, how fair and bright a place it would have seemed! For a moment she was almost tempted to inquire why that slender skein of duty should bind her hand and foot as it did, and keep her from him she loved, when the least effort of her own would have snapped it. But she put the thought away from her as swiftly as it had intruded, and descended, all the more charming for her victory, to gather a posy for the breakfast-table, and, as fresh and bright as any rosebud of them all, to busy herself with household cares. Then, after breakfast, as usual, to grandfather's room, there to stay for the long morning.

Virtue had its reward for her in at least this respect, that the loving forethought that had supplied the sick man with these living pictures of the world without, now bore fruit for her also. It was almost as good as being out of doors that day—bright herald of the coming summer though it was—to sit in that mirrored chamber, and watch all things move around her; for all things had motion; even the bridge would change from gloom to gray, from gray to gloom, as the light clouds flecked the sun, or left it bare; and the one willow for which the road had room, hanging its dishevelled hair in the restless stream, “shook away” like a poplar. The feathery reeds in the island below the bridge danced like the daffodils, and, like them, made a picture in her mental eye for ever. Suddenly she started up with a muffled cry, and looked towards the window; on the shining wall beside her had been cast the reflex of an approaching horseman; and he is now upon the bridge. His eyes are fixed upon the cottage, upon the window, upon her. He touches the red rose that blushes in his button-hole, and doffs his hat. What can have brought John Denton hither, whom her grandfather has forbidden to visit her? whom she has passed her word she will not

receive? The sick man has seen him also, and fixes on her a reproving look. It seems to say as plainly as spoken words: “I am obeyed no longer, then, being smitten thus sorely, and already half dead; and yet I have loved you so, Nelly, and tended you in the days gone by.”

“You do me wrong, grandfather,” cried she passionately. “I know that you think I have disobeyed you, and broken my word, but indeed it is not so. I don’t know why John is here. If you forbid it, I will not see him—if you do forbid it.” And although her tone might have melted a harder heart than his, he did forbid it. Had he been lying for months with naught to comfort him but the thought of how the Blackburn race might still hold its own and keep its place, through her, to forego his desire now, when all but accomplished—with the very man beneath his roof to whom he looked to have her wedded? Had he not even given him his Will in keeping, in token of that confidence? Was not the world aware and expectant of her matching with him? Had not his reprobate son himself submitted to the arrangement as inevitable? And now, should he risk all being undone by permitting this John Denton to see Nelly? No, no.

“Do not fear, grandfather; since you forbid it, I will not see him; I will stay here;” and she drew her chair behind the curtain of the bed, out of his sight, and listened with her pale face, pressing her hand against her beating heart. Presently Mrs. Blackburn’s hurried step was heard upon the stairs, and she came in looking confused and troubled.

“Nelly,” whispered she, “I want you a minute; come outside with me.”

“Grandfather knows,” said Ellen quietly. “He saw John Denton come over the bridge.”

Mrs. Blackburn glanced at the sick man; his eyes were moist, and had an expression in them of unwonted tenderness.

“Has he given you leave to see him?” said she. “If so, why, of course, I shall say nothing: though it seems a pity, after matters have gone so far with Mr. Stanhope; and I am afraid Willy will be very angry.”

“I care nothing for Uncle William’s anger, grandmother,” said Ellen proudly; “but I have promised not to see John, and I will keep my word, since grandfather will not loose me from it.”

There was a knock at the door: a gentleman had come, said the servant, to see Mr. William Blackburn on very important business.

"To see Willy? What can John Denton want to see my Willy for? He has no right to pick a quarrel with *him*, you know, Ellen," said Mrs. Blackburn apprehensively.

"John Denton is not quarrelsome, grandmother, whatever folks may choose to say," answered Ellen resolutely, and piqued by the recollection of Lucy's words the previous day; "and if he has important business, it ought to be listened to."

"Well, we all know what the business is about," responded Mrs. Blackburn tartly; "and, for my part, I won't see him, and that's flat; and I am sure if Willy was here he would say the same. — Go down to the gentleman, Mary, and say Mr. William is from home, and will not return till the evening; and say that I am very sorry, but that I am engaged in Mr. Blackburn's sick-room."

Ellen thought, with indignation, that her grandmother might at least have gone down and spoken civilly to John, who had been always so kind to her; but she was too proud to say so. She sat where she was, following with reproachful eyes the movements of Mrs. Blackburn, who affected to busy herself about the room, but who was in reality sufficiently uncomfortable. She knew in her heart that she was not acting well; but she feared to meet John face to face, who had always had great influence over her, and whose present grounds of complaint she could not gainsay.

Anthony lay with eyes fast closed, but perhaps listening as eagerly as the others.

The maid came up again with a second message. "It was impossible," the gentleman said, "that he could leave the house without making the communication he was charged with to some member of the family."

"Then let Mr. Stanhope see him," said Mrs. Blackburn, "for there's nobody else to do it."

"Stop!" said Ellen decisively; "that shall not be, grandmother. You may treat John as ill as you please, but not falsely. If Mr. Stanhope is to see him, it must be only as grandfather's friend. I have borne enough as it is."

"You are a naughty, disobedient girl," said Mrs. Blackburn angrily. "If your grandfather could only speak, you would not dare to behave so."

"I should be sorry, indeed, for him to think ill of me," said Ellen firmly; "but if you persist in your intention to insult John in the way you speak of, I will go down to him myself, and take his hand — and — and

you will never see me here again, grandmother."

"Do you hear *that*, Anthony?" cried Mrs. Blackburn with indignation. "Willy always told me that you were wrong in thinking so highly of Ellen; and yet they say that you have left all your money to this girl, who flouts you thus away from him."

"I do not want grandfather's money," said Ellen quietly, "as he well knows. I have never tried to win anything from him but his love. — If you think it is right that John Denton should be told what is not the truth, grandfather, look at me now and say so with your eyes. — See, he keeps them fast closed! I knew he was not one to approve of what is false, in order to gain his ends."

"Well, well, I will go and see Mr. Stanhope myself, and explain matters," said Mrs. Blackburn in a conciliating tone.

"Nay, grandmother, but I must send the message," said Ellen with quiet determination. — "Come in, Mary" (for the girl had been bidden to wait outside the door). "You are to tell Mr. Denton from your mistress, with her compliments, that no member of the family can see him to-day; but that if the nature of his business will permit him to do so, he can communicate it to Mr. Stanhope, who is in the dining-room."

The servant departed, repeating to herself Miss Ellen's words, for fear she should forget them; and in a minute or two Stanhope's step was heard leaving the apartment below for the drawing-room, into which the visitor had been shown.

John Denton and the young Squire of Curlew Hall had never met since they had stood together on Slogan, eighteen months ago; and during that interval, short as it was, there had been considerable change in both of them. John, always self-reliant and self-composed, had become even more conscious of his own powers, of which his improved position in the world had also afforded ample proof, had he needed such. Instead of the somewhat coarse attire which he had worn as overlooker, he was now dressed, although very plainly, in all respects as a gentleman; and he looked every inch a gentleman; and something more. If there was an absence of that careless ease which sits (not ungracefully) upon those for whom all things have been made smooth from the cradle to manhood, the steady purpose of his face was far from hard or egotistic; while, as he now regarded his rival (as he well knew him in intention to be), a certain chivalrous

courtesy lit up his fine features, and gave his tone a gentleness with which genuine feeling could always inspire it, but which, in conventional intercourse, it lacked.

Perhaps the knowledge that Ellen's heart was his, not to be won from him by this man, nor any other, permitted him to be thus generous; or perhaps the straitened, if not desperate circumstances of his rival, of which he had heard reports (unfounded, indeed, though, as it happened, true enough) in Mosedale, affected him with pity, and gave softness to his air and manner.

Herbert Stanhope was even more altered in appearance, though not, as in the other's case, for the better. He had grown paler and thinner of late months; and anxiety and wounded pride had set their marks upon a face that had once evoked Denton's antagonism by its calm insouciance.

The two young men shook hands, if not with cordiality, yet with perfect frankness.

"I am sorry to have been thus obliged to trouble you, Mr. Stanhope," said Denton, "but, since Mr. William Blackburn is not at home, I have no choice; the matter on which I have come here being, unhappily, of the last importance, and not admitting of delay."

"No apology is at all necessary, Mr. Denton; the occupation you have interrupted was only that of making artificial flies; and I assure you that the arrival of any visitor in this place, whatever his business, is quite a godsend to us. I think I should remark, however, that if the matter in question, which you say is so important, has any private and particular reference to Mr. Blackburn, I have no authority, and indeed must altogether decline to be its recipient."

"The matter I have in hand," said Denton gravely, "touches Mr. William Blackburn only as it affects every one else in this house, yourself included. It is not, I confess, upon his account I have come. I mentioned his name merely as being the most proper person to receive my communication; and yet, if there had been none dearer to me under this roof than he, I should still have thought it my duty to have made it. I must beg of you, first of all, Mr. Stanhope, to take upon trust, with only my word to guarantee it—that I am well acquainted with certain matters connected with my profession, which is that of civil engineer, that I am not one to be mistaken, for instance, about the strength of an embankment. And it is with the acutest sense of the peril in which you and all persons now resident on the Curlew

stand from the state of the reservoir on Redmoor, that I have ridden here this day, and with no other object whatsoever."

"Do you mean to tell me that there is any danger of the great embankment on the moor giving way, Mr. Denton?" asked Stanhope, starting to his feet.

"There is, in my opinion, very great danger of it; I should say, indeed, if the wind were east instead of south, as at present, the most imminent danger. In that case, the wind would bring the waves right down upon the embankment; and it is not in a condition to resist it, sir, it is not indeed. I entreat you, I adjure you, Mr. Stanhope, to give heed to what I say."

"There is no fear of my neglecting such a warning, Mr. Denton. Independently of the risk to our friends in this house, and to human life generally, supposing I were so brutal as to disregard it, I have property on the Curlew which, even if this catastrophe should be delayed, must sooner or later be destroyed by it. I will not only do my best to persuade Mr. Blackburn and his family to quit this spot, but I shall not lose a moment in representing to the authorities at Mosedale, with whom I have some influence" —

"That would be time wasted," interrupted Denton solemnly, "and there is, in my judgment, not one hour to waste. I have spoken—I have warned in vain. The directors of the company, in the person of their chairman, have refused to accede to my request that the reservoir should be examined."

"But I thought that matter was looked to last year, and, if I remember rightly, you yourself, Mr. Denton, were the engineer appointed for that very purpose."

"I was, sir; and I made my report, wherein, as you may read for yourself, I even then contended that not enough had been done for safety. From personal observation of the embankment the last two days, I am confident that mischief of a magnitude such as those people yonder"—and he pointed westward with his hand—"have no conception of, is—Good Heaven! what is that?"

"It is my miller's fowling-piece, if I am not much mistaken," said Stanhope smiling, "though the echoes of the Curlew make its sound somewhat portentous. Did you think it was the bursting of the dam?"

"Do not jest, Mr. Stanhope—do not treat my apprehensions as if they were idle fears. I am a young man, but not ignorant of the things of which I speak. I am as sure of what I now tell you as I am of my own existence."

"But it seems so strange, Mr. Denton, that these directors should not in so important a matter have taken action upon the report of their own officer."

"I was not their ordinary engineer, sir, but only the substitute for him. My friend Mr. Flywheel delegated me to act for him in the affair, which he did not understand to be of the magnitude and importance which it really was. If he were on the spot now, I would stake my existence that his view would be the same as mine—that he would have the dam blown up this very hour; so as to decrease the water-pressure. There was a crack in the embankment last year that was sufficient to admit a penknife; there is one to-day in which I can almost place my hand."

"But why is not Mr. Flywheel at his post?"

"He is abroad, sir, employed on an Italian railway. I would to Heaven he were here."

"But you in his absence are his representative, are you not?"

"I was, sir," answered Denton, with flashing eyes, "until yesterday. But when I found I was not listened to by the Reservoir Board, I at once threw up my appointment. To hold it for another day, would be, in my judgment, to be accessory before the fact to — But Heaven only knows to what; there is no limit to the ruin which may happen."

"Then you are not come here in any official capacity, Mr. Denton?"

"In none whatever, sir; though, of course, if my profession were not what it is I should feel no cause for these apprehensions. I have lately been appointed resident engineer on the Mosedale Railway, or I should not have been in the town at all. If, if"—and the young man hesitated, and crimsoned to the forehead—"if circumstances had not brought one that is dearer to me than life itself into this perilous place, I should not perhaps have visited Redmoor at all. God grant that I have not done so, even now, in vain. You will not neglect this warning, Mr. Stanhope—promise me that; or beware lest the guilt of blood—the destruction of man and

woman, as well as the ruin of hearth and homestead—should lie at your door."

It was curious to see how, as the one seemed to grow more earnest and impassioned with every word, the other became more calm, and even incredulous.

"I will certainly put our friends here on their guard, Mr. Denton. I am sure it is most kind of you."

"It is nothing of that sort, Mr. Stanhope," broke in the other. "You do not say it is kindness to warn a bather who cannot swim of a current which you know will sweep him to his death. It is my duty, and nothing more. You, sir, can have no miserable reasons, founded on a few pounds of cost, to refuse to listen to me, such as have made those in Mosedale deaf and blind; nor, as I trust, have you any personal prejudice so strong against me as to make you discredit my words because they are mine."

"Indeed, Mr. Denton," returned Stanhope, flushing in his turn, "you do me no more than justice. It is impossible to misunderstand your motive, or to fail to be moved by such generous earnestness: you may depend upon it, so far as my influence extends in this household, your warning shall have all the attention which it deserves."

"Thank you, Mr. Stanhope, thank you," said Denton fervently, as he held out his hand. "You have taken a weight from off my mind such as I can scarcely bear to think of, even now that it is gone.—Good-bye, sir; and God bless you."

Stanhope accompanied him to the door, and saw him mount and turn his horse's head towards Redmoor. "Are you going to take another look, then, at the embankment yonder?"

"Yes, Mr. Stanhope, though it is useless. I am also going to Curlew Mill to give my warning there. I am not permitted to avert this peril, it seems; but, so far as in me lies, I must strive to abate its consequences;" and with one look up at the sky, where the light clouds were floating leisurely to eastward, he shook the reins and cantered up the gorge.

How charming the young would be to talk to, with their freshness, fearlessness, and truthfulness, if only, to take a metaphor from painting, they would make more use of greys and other neutral tints, instead of dabbing on

so ruthlessly the strongest positives in colour! It is, however, too much to ask from them to exhibit that moderation in the use of colour which only large experience, perhaps, can inculcate.

Arthur Helps.

From Chambers' Journal.
NONSENSE-VERSES.

WHOEVER, in these days of struggle and hard work, adds to "the public stock of harmless pleasure," is peculiarly deserving of a word of praise. Even the wit that is most common at present consists chiefly in verbal ingenuity, and is at best but an intellectual puzzle, which rather strains than relaxes the brains that have so much need of repose. It is something that nobody can urge against *The Bab Ballads*,* the charge that they weary the mental faculties, and it is more to promise that they must needs elicit a hearty laugh from all who are capable of understanding fun at all. The author himself has affixed to them this modest motto: "Much Sound and little Sense." But the sound that belongs to them is one of the healthiest — a hearty roar; and their sense is at least sufficient to tickle the heart-strings. Their excessive simplicity — their utter absurdity — take the reader by storm, and forbid him, unless he is one of those unfortunates who are nothing if they are not critical, to speculate upon the why and wherefore of his mirth. In illustration of the letterpress there are numbers of funny little pictures, it is unhappily out of our power here to reproduce, but which doubtless heighten the whimsicality. In this respect, as in others, the author-artist reminds us of Tom Hood, a few strokes of whose pencil could give a marvellous effect to his humor; but in the present case, the sketches are well drawn as well as intensely funny. Pride and Humility, Dissipation and Puritanism, Ferocity, Despair, and even Beauty, all receive in turn their grotesque impersonations in this little volume. The ballads themselves, as will be seen, are also like the verse of him who was wont to supply us with metrical mirth in those absurd annuals characteristically entitled *Laughter from Year to Year*. But Mr. Gilbert (bless him!) is more absurd even than Hood.

Take, for instance, his ballad of *Captain Reece*, the model captain of that model ship, the *Mantelpiece*, with his advanced ideas of promoting the happiness of his men, and doing his duty by them.

If ever they were dull or sad,
Their captain danced to them like mad,
Or told, to make the time pass by,
Droll legends of his infancy.

A feather-bed had every man,
Warm slippers, and hot-water can,
Brown Windsor from the captain's store,
A valet, too, to every four.

Did they with thirst in summer burn?
Lo, seltzogenes at every turn;
And on all very sultry days,
Cream-ices handed round on trays.

Then currant wine and ginger pops
Stood handily on all the "tops;"
And, also, with amusement rife,
A "Zoetrope, or Wheel of Life."

New volumes came across the sea
From Mister Mudie's libraree;
The *Times* and *Saturday Review*
Beguiled the leisure of the crew.

Kind-hearted Captain Reece, R. N.,
Was quite devoted to his men;
In point of fact, good Captain Reece
Beatified the *Mantelpiece*.

Yet, even as it was, he doubted whether enough had been done for their comfort, and inquired of them how he could pleasure them further. William Lee, the kindly captain's cockswain,

A nervous shy, low-spoken man,
Then cleared his throat and thus began:

"You have a daughter, Captain Reece,
Ten female cousins and a niece,
A ma, if what I'm told is true,
Six sisters, and an aunt or two.

"Now, somehow, sir, it seems to me,
More friendly-like we all should be,
If you united of 'em to
Unmarried members of the crew.

"If you'd ameliorate our life
Let each select from them a wife;
And as for nervous me, old pal,
Give me your own enchanting gal!"

Good Captain Reece, that worthy man,
Debated on his cockswain's plan;
"I quite agree," he said, "O Bill;
It is my duty, and I will.

"My daughter, that enchanting gurl,
Has just been promised to an earl,
And all my other families
To peers of various degree.

"But what are dukes and viscounts to
The happiness of all my crew?
The word I gave you I'll fulfil;
It is my duty, and I will."

One would have thought that this complaisance would have been enough, and perhaps the cockswain was content with it, and touched with the captain's reflection that he should now be "the only bachelor on board;" let us hope that it was no mere wish to aggrandize his own family which induced him to reply in this manner:

* *The Bab Ballads*. By N. S. Gilbert. Hotten: London.

"I beg your honour's leave," he said,
 "If you would wish to go and wed,

"I have a widowed mother, who
 Would be the very thing for you —
 She long has loved you from afar;
 She washes for you, Captain R."

The captain saw the dame that day —
 Addressed her in his playful way:
 "And did it want a wedding ring?
 It was a tempting ickle sing!

"Well, well; the chaplain I will seek;
 We'll all be married this day week —
 At yonder church upon the hill;
 It is my duty, and I will!"

The sisters, cousins, aunts, and niece,
 And widowed ma of Captain Reece,
 Attended there as they were bid;
 It was their duty, and they did.

The portraits of the obliging captain, of
 the "enchanting gurl," of Mr. Lee, and of
 the "tempting ickle sing" (fancy Mrs. Gamp
 being chucked under the chin!), are quite
 worthy of the immortal verse to which they
 are wedded.

The *Periwinkle Girl* contains a moral not
 inferior to that of *Pamela*, and, we may add,
 is infinitely more amusing. Our author
 himself had taken a prejudice against
 winkles in early life. He had reflected that
 he would not himself have exchanged places
 with that delicacy even if he could; for a
 winkle, as he put it to himself, could seldom
 flirt, and never dance,

Nor soothe his mind by smoking.

But then he had not become acquainted with
 Mary who sold them.

Both high and low, and great and small, fell
 prostrate at her tootsies;
 They all were noblemen, and all had balances at
 Coutts's.

Dukes with the lovely maiden dealt, Duke Bailey
 and Duke Humphy,
 Who eat her winkles till they felt exceedingly
 uncomfy.

Duke Bailey greatest wealth computes, and
 sticks, they say, at no-thing;
 He wears a pair of golden boots and silver under-
 clothing.

Duke Humphy, as I understand, though men-
 tally acuter,
 His boots are only silver, and his underclothing
 pewter.

A third adorer had the girl, a man of lowly sta-
 tion —

A miserable, grov'ling earl besought her appro-
 bation.

This humble cad she did refuse with much con-
 tempt and loathing,
 He wore a pair of leather shoes and cambric
 underclothing.

"Ha! ha! she cried; "upon my word! Well,
 really — come, I never!
 Oh, go along; it's too absurd! My goodness!
 did you ever?

"Two dukes would make their Bowles a bride,
 and from her foes defend her" —

"Well, not exactly that," they cried; "we
 offer guilty splendour.

"We do not offer marriage-right; so please dis-
 miss the notion!"

"Oh, dear," said she, "that alters quite the
 state of my emotion."

The earl he up, and says, says he, "Dismiss
 them to their orgies,
 For I am game to marry thee quite reg'lar at
 St. George's."

He'd had, it happily befell, a decent education;
 His views would have befitted well a far superior
 station.

His sterling worth had worked a cure; she never
 heard him grumble;
 She saw his soul was good and pure, although
 his rank was humble.

Her views of earldoms and their lot, all under-
 went expansion;
 Come, Virtue in an earldom's cot! Go, Vice
 in ducal mansion!

It is only rarely that our author ventures
 to lay down his fool's bauble, and deal in a
 little sentiment; but when he does so, his
 resemblance to his great master becomes
 more striking than ever. The whole poem
 entitled *Haunted* might be taken for Hood's
 own, and would do his memory no wrong
 if it were published as such.

Haunted? Ay, in a social way,
 By a body of Ghosts in dread array:
 But no conventional spectres they —
 Appalling, grim, and tricky:
 I quail at mine as I'd never quail
 At a fine traditional spectre pale,
 With a turnip head and a ghostly wail,
 And a splash of blood on the dicky.

Mine are horrible, social ghosts,
 Speeches and women, and guests and hosts,
 Weddings and morning calls and toasts,

In every bad variety:
 Ghosts that hover about the grave
 Of all that's manly, free, and brave:
 You'll find their names on the architrave
 Of that charnal-house, Society.

Black Monday — black as its school-room ink —
 With its dismal boys that snivel and think
 Of its nauseous messes to eat and drink,

And its frozen tanks to wash in.
That was the first that brought me grief
And made me weep, till I sought relief
In an emblematical handkerchief,
To choke such baby bosh in.

First and worst in the grim array —
Ghosts of ghosts that have gone their way,
Which I wouldn't revive for a single day
For all the wealth of Plutus —
Are the horrible ghost that school days scared :
If the classical ghost that Brutus dared
Was the ghost of his "Cæsar" unprepared,
I'm sure I pity Brutus.

I pass to critical seventeen ;
The ghost of that terrible wedding-scene,
When an elderly colonel stole my queen,
And woke my dream of heaven.
No school-girl decked in her nurse-room curls,
Was my gushing innocent queen of pearls ;
If she wasn't a girl of a thousand girls,
She was one of forty-seven !

I see the ghost of my first cigar —
Of the thence arising family jar —
Of my maiden brief (I was at the bar),
(I called the judge "Your wushup !"),
Of reckless days and reckless nights,
With wrenched-off knockers, extinguished
lights,
Unholy songs, and tipsy fights,
Which I strove in vain to hush up.

Ghosts of fraudulent joint-stock banks,
Ghosts of "copy," declined with thanks,
Of novels returned in endless ranks,
And thousands more I suffer.
The only line to fitly grace
My humble tomb, when I've run my race,
Is : "Reader, this is the resting-place
Of an unsuccessful duffer."

I've fought them, all these ghosts of mine ;
But the weapons I've used are sighs and brine,
And now that I'm nearly forty-nine,
Old age is my chiefest bogey ;
For my hair is thinning away at the crown,
And the silver fights with the worn-out brown ;
And a general verdict sets me down
As an irreclaimable fogey.

The echoes of other metrical jokers beside
Hood linger about this little book ; you are
reminded here of Thomas Ingoldsby, and
there of the joint authors of *Bon Gaultier* ;
but in almost all the ballads there is some-
thing quite original too : the author holds
the patent for a certain monopoly in ab-
surdity which we have never seen infringed.
The difficult quest upon which Elvira de-
spatched her Ferdinando, was surely never
hit upon before as a test of true affection.

Send me to the Arctic regions, or illimitable
azure,
On a scientific goose-chase, with my Connell or
my Glaisher !

Tell me whither I may hie me — tell me, dear
one, that I may know —
Is it up the highest Andes ? down some horrible
volcano ?

But she said : "It isn't polar bears, or hot vol-
canic grottoes ;
Only find out *who is it that writes these lovely
cracker mottoes !*"

Again, who but our author himself would
have conceived the idea of one curate, famed
for his mildness, planning the assassination
of another, because he exceeded him in that
virtue !

Wild Croquet Hooper banned, and all the sports
of Mammon ;
He warred with Cribbage, and he exorcised
Backgammon.

But the Rev. Hopley Porter, at Assesmilk-
cum-worter, was even milder —

He labours more than you, at worsted-work,
and frames it ;
In old maids' albums, too, sticks seaweed, yes,
and names it.

The beadle and sexton are therefore des-
patched, as bravoës, and demand a change
of habits in Hopley Porter, or his life, at
their daggers' point. So far from becoming
a martyr to his principles, he accedes to
their demands with almost indecent haste.

"What ?" said that reverend gent ;
"Dance through my hours of leisure ?
Smoke ? — bathe myself with scent ? —
Play croquet ? Oh, with pleasure !

"Wear all my hair in curl ?
Stand at the door and wink — so —
At every passing girl ?
My brothers, I should think so !

"For years I've longed for some
Excuse for this revulsion :
Now that excuse has come —
I do it on compulsion ! ! !"

He smoked and winked away —
This Reverend Hopley Porter —
The deuce there was to pay
At Assesmilk-cum-worter.

And Hooper holds his ground,
In mildness daily growing ;
They think him, all around,
The mildest curate going.

The colonial Bishop attending the Pan-
Anglican Synod, who learns posturing (oh,
such pictures !) of a street acrobat, in order
to impress his people at Rum-ti-Foo —

His people — twenty-three in sum,
Who played the eloquent tum-tum,
And lived on scalps served up in rum,
The only sauce they knew —

is a charming creation. So is the precocious Baby, who turned up his little nose at the food provided for him —

"My friends, it's a tap that is not worth a rap,"

(Now this was remarkably excellent pap) ;

who chucked his old nurse under the chin, with his

Fal lal lal, you doosed fine gal ;

and who finally — a warning to all precocious babes — died "an enfeebled old dotard, at five." Baines Carew, gentleman and attorney-at-law, who is so overcome with sympathy for his clients that he faints on the floor at the recital of their wrongs, and they are obliged to go elsewhere for a lawyer, is also one of these touches *contrary* to nature which makes the world kin — or, at all events, so much of it as loves a joke. But the very best of all these Ballads, and one that seems to us quite unrivalled for its grotesque humour, is the yarn of the *Nancy Bell*, which is, it seems, set to music and published as a song ; and much we should like to hear it.

'Twas on the shores that round our coast
From Deal to Ramsgate span,
That I found alone, on a piece of stone,
An elderly naval man.

His hair was weedy, his beard was long,
And weedy and long was he ;
And I heard this wight on the shore recite,
In a singular minor key :

"Oh, I am a cook and a captain bold,
And the mate of the *Nancy* brig,
And a bo'sun tight, and a midshipmite,
And the crew of the captain's gig."

And he shook his fists and he tore his hair,
Till I really felt afraid,
For I couldn't help thinking the man had been
drinking,
And so I simply said :

"Oh, elderly man, it's little I know
Of the duties of men of the sea,
And I'll eat my hand if I understand
How you can possibly be

"At once a cook and a captain bold,
And the mate of the *Nancy* brig,
And a bo'sun tight, and a midshipmite,
And the crew of the captain's gig !"

Then he gave a hitch to his trousers, which
Is a trick all seamen larn,
And having got rid of a thumping quid,
He spun this painful yarn :

"'Twas in the good ship *Nancy Bell*
That we sailed to the Indian sea,

And there on a reef we came to grief,
Which has often occurred to me.

"And pretty nigh all o' the crew was drowned
(There was seventy-seven o' soul) ;
And only ten of the *Nancy's* men
Said 'Here' to the muster-roll.

"There was me, and the cook, and the captain
bold,
And the mate of the *Nancy* brig,
And the bo'sun tight, and a midshipmite,
And the crew of the captain's gig.

"For a month we'd neither wittles nor drink,
Till a-hungry we did feel ;
So we drewed a lot, and accordin' shot
The captain for our meal.

"The next lot fell to the *Nancy's* mate,
And a delicate dish he made ;
Then our appetite with the midshipmite
We seven survivors stayed.

"And then we murdered the bo'sun tight,
And he much resembled pig ;
Then we whittled free, did the cook and me,
On the crew of the captain's gig.

"Then only the cook and me was left,
And the delicate question : 'Which
Of us two goes to the kettle ?' arose,
And we argued it out as sich.

"For I loved that cook as a brother, I did,
And the cook he worshipped me ;
But we'd both be blowed if we'd either be
stowed
In the other chap's hold, you see.

"'I'll be eat if you dines off me,' says Tom.
'Yes, that,' says I, 'you'll be.'
'I'm boiled if I die, my friend,' quoth I ;
And 'Exactly so,' quoth he.

"Says he : 'Dear James, to murder me
Were a foolish thing to do,
For don't you see that you can't cook me,
While I can — and will — cook you !'

"So he boils the water, and takes the salt
And the pepper in portions true
(Which he never forgot), and some chopped
shalot,
And some sage and parsley too.

"'Come here,' says he, with a proper pride,
Which his smiling features tell ;
'Twill soothing be if I let you see
How extremely nice you'll smell.'

"And he stirred it round, and round, and
round,
And he sniffed at the foaming froth ;
When I ups with his heels, and smothers his
squeals
In the scum of the boiling broth.

"And I eat that cook in a week or less,
And — as I eating be
The last of his chops, why, I almost drops,
For a vessel in sight I see.

"And I never larf, and I never smile,
And I never lark nor play;
But I sit and croak, and a single joke
I have — which is to say:

"Oh, I am a cook and a captain bold,
And the mate of the *Nancy* brig,
And a bo'sun tight, and a midshipmite,
And the crew of the captain's gig!"

From The Spectator.
DR. CONOLLY.*

THE discoveries of the philanthropist run side by side with those of the man of science, and certainly are entitled to no secondary honours. The man who fights successfully the battle of humanity against any one form of wrong, cruelty, or oppression deserves a niche in the temple of fame, and deserves it none the less that many another man has fought as good a fight, but failing to scale the citadel, has made but one more to fill up the trench's depth, and passed to an unnoticed grave: And yet, perhaps, it is needful in studying a life like the one before us to remember how intimately the labours of the philanthropist and the man of science are linked together; by an invisible chain, it is true, yet strong as adamant. Superstition is always cruel, always intimately allied with terror; till knowledge has killed it, the heart and the head of the philanthropist work against an impregnable wall. That which maketh manifest is light; and in this light men see light. Twenty Conollys would not have convinced men three hundred years ago that the demon-possessed maniac was amenable to the law of kindness. The man of science who spends a life in studying the diagnosis of the brain may have nerves of steel or the narrowness of vision which is at war with sympathy, but even so he has let in the light by which the philanthropist can see to do his work. And so it was that Dr. Conolly came to the labour of his life, at the moment when men's minds, in England at least, were prepared to receive the lesson he had to teach, had already learned to know lunacy as a sickness and not a judgment, and to see in mania but the untuning of a special mental string,

which might yet leave much that was not discord to be brought out, when its special jar was soothed or carefully left untouched.

Less than forty years have passed away since our principal asylums were the scenes of cruelty such as the imagination of the present moment almost refuses to credit, so thorough has been the cleansing of that Augean stable, so complete the change of thought on the whole subject; and yet it is well we should know from what men like the subject of this memoir rescued us.

Dr. Conolly's life is really a history of the progress of the system of non-restraint, now so universal in our great asylums. He was not originally destined for the medical profession, but at eighteen entered a militia regiment as one of its officers, and served in it for several years. It was not until 1817, a year after his marriage, that he decided on entering the profession of which he became so distinguished a member; it was fully twenty years later before he had opportunity practically to develop on a large scale as physician of the Hanwell Asylum the working of the system to the consideration of which he had given so many years of his life. Not that he was the first who had sought to ameliorate the condition of the lunatic. Pinel in France, Tuke in England, and later, Dr. Hill in Lincoln, had each done much to pave the way for further effort. Pinel, directing his attention to the Bicêtre Hospital in Paris for male lunatics, in which, Sir James Clark says, "the universal practice was to load patients with heavy chains, often removed only by death, and to immure them in dark, unwarmed, and unventilated cells," he was selected for the post of physician to this lunatic hospital, and, in conjunction with Pussin, the director of the asylum, carried out his plans, though we read of him that his benevolence nearly cost him his life, for that "it was spread abroad that he had some sinister motive in releasing the lunatics, and under this impression he was one day seized by a furious mob, who called out '*A la lanterne!*'" He was rescued from their hands by an old soldier of the French Guard, who had been one of the lunatics of the Bicêtre liberated by him, afterwards cured, and ultimately taken into his service."

The work of William Tuke was on a smaller scale, but one which in its results bore perhaps even more fruit. Shocked at the atrocities perpetrated in the old York Asylum, he established a "retreat" near York, in which every enlightened principle of treatment was carried into effect. Still, so little had the system spread, that Dr. Conolly on his appointment to Hanwell,

* *A Memoir of John Conolly, M.D., D.C.L.* By Sir James Clark, Bart., K.C.B., M.D., F.R.S. London: Murray. 1869.

where a comparatively mild treatment was opposed to prevail, found "instruments of mechanical restraint of one kind or another so abundant in the wards as to number when collected together about six hundred, half of them being handcuffs and leg-locks." Three months after Dr. Conolly's appointment no instrument of mechanical restraint remained in the asylum. We can easily perceive that such a change of system necessitated an entire alteration of the whole working of the establishment, a higher class of officers and attendants were indispensable when the authority was to be purely intellectual and kindness the invariable rule. The whole tone of the asylum had to be changed, not only in Hanwell, but in every institution where a like system was pursued; and the labour involved in this might well tell, as it certainly did, on a highly sensitive constitution like Dr. Conolly's. Perhaps the special feature of his life was the pressure social and intellectual he brought to bear on the public at large, causing his example to be widely followed. Other men had accepted the principle of non-restraint as early, or earlier than himself, as in the case of William Tuke's retreat at York, as early as 1796, or the asylum in Lincoln under Dr. Gardner Hill, where the system was fully developed before Dr. Conolly's labours began; or in the Suffolk asylum where Dr. Kirkman states mechanical restraint had not been used by him since 1831, and rarely even seclusion; still these were isolated instances, and it belonged to Dr. Conolly to change the exception into the rule. Many valuable instances are quoted tending to prove the effect of wiser treatment in calming maniacal fury, and in effecting in some cases an ultimate cure. One which occurred in Paris in 1847, and is connected with the name of Dr. Conolly's son, is too remarkable to be omitted:—

"A l'appui de ces deux faits, j'en citerai un troisième qui les corrobore, et qui m'a été révélé par M. Battel, ancien administrateur des hospices de Paris. En 1847, ce fonctionnaire visitait l'asile de Bicêtre avec le fils du docteur Conolly. Un aliéné violent attache depuis plusieurs jours sur le fauteuil de force, vociférait d'une manière incessante, et la salle où il était retenu retentissait de ses formidables cris. Le Surveillant de service déclarait qu'on ne pouvait sans danger lui laisser la liberté de ses mouvements. L'administrateur demanda alors à M. Conolly ce que ferait son père si un tel malade était confié à ses soins. 'Il ferait,' répondit ce jeune homme, 'ce que je vais faire moi-même si vous voulez me le permettre. Il couperait immédiatement les liens de cet infortuné, et le laisserait à ses impulsions en le

faisant convenablement surveiller.' Cette tentative valait la peine d'être faite; le malade fut aussitôt détaché. A peine affranchi de ses entraves, il se promena dans le préau de la manière la plus paisible et la plus inoffensive, adressant de vifs remerciements à laquelle il était soumis. *Quinze jours après, il sortait guéri de l'asile.*

But it is not with lunatics alone that the name of Dr. Conolly is associated. He was one of the most zealous friends of the idiot and the imbecile, and one of the most active promoters of the Earlswood Asylum; and Dr. Down, the late medical superintendent of that institution, bears strong testimony to the beneficial effects of his influence there. "He so encouraged," Dr. Down writes, "every official in his or her work, that the savour of his visit remained till he again returned." The position of an idiot child in an overcrowded poverty-stricken London home is described by him with a force and vividness which appealed most directly to the hearts to which it was addressed, and there was no lack of help. We do not believe that poverty is at the root of the miserable homes he describes, "where in some obscure and unhealthy locality every neglect exists that invites every physical and moral evil,—everything that seems to solicit epidemic diseases to settle and spread there, and to ask cholera to come, and all the scrofulous forms of deterioration to abide, and all the disfigurements of the human form and human mind to manifest themselves." These are forms of evils too commonly met with in our great cities, for which somebody is responsible, and to which it may not be possible much longer to shut our eyes, for the light which maketh manifest is creeping slowly thitherwards, but the subject is too wide for our present purpose. We only protest against the half-somnolent pity which excuses its own inactivity, under a vague belief that the poor will never perish out of the land, and that poverty must have its attendant evils; the aggregate weekly wages in many of these homes would keep a Scotch family in sufficient food and warm clothing and send its sons to the high school. There is poverty enough in the land, with its biting ills, God knows, but it is not the root of these hotbeds of disease, deformity, and crime. Be that as it may, however, Dr. Conolly was right enough in his estimate of the grievous burden an idiot child must be, in a home where space is limited, and each member has to labour for its daily bread; and besides the inestimable boon conferred on the parents, the idiot asylum, by its careful adaptation of means to the

ends it has in view, procures something like happiness and even usefulness for its unfortunate inmates. Specimens of their handicraft even won a medal from the jurors in Class 91 at the Paris Exhibition.

Few, perhaps, of Dr. Conolly's opinions were of more direct value than the testimony he bears to the result of education on the inmates of various asylums. He states, as the result of life-long investigations, that all persons who have had peculiar opportunities of ascertaining the mental habits of insane persons of the educated classes well know that, with some exceptions, their previous studies and pursuits appear to have been superficial, and desultory, and often frivolous. That this is more especially the case with females, even in the highest classes. Dr. Conolly points out the immense importance of a well-directed education for girls, more especially in families where any hereditary taint exists, and the editor evidently regards the present movement to improve and elevate the character of the education of women as likely to have a most beneficial result, physically as well as mentally, on the succeeding generation,—one of the facts we might commend to the few who still retain a prejudice against severe mental training for girls.

The influence Dr. Conolly exercised over public opinion was by no means confined to this country, and some of the most interesting statements in this book are in connection with foreign asylums; but he everywhere urges the impossibility of enforcing large internal reforms without a corresponding adaptation of the buildings to be used as asylums, a subject which had hitherto been much neglected. The public asylums in America appear to be admirable in this respect, the great evil in that country being the sad condition of lunatics for whom there is not room in the public asylums, and who appear to be subjected to treatment quite as cruel as that practised in Europe in the end of the last and the beginning of the present century.

We have used Dr. Conolly's name throughout as it is used in this memoir, not from any idea that to him alone belongs the credit of inaugurating a wiser and more humane system than any of the enlightened physicians who were his predecessors or coadjutors in the work throughout the kingdom; but every system has its Aaron as well as its Moses, and perhaps in every age a contemporary generation gives to the spokesman the larger meed of praise. To a Tuke, a Pinel, or a Hill may be due the credit of originating the thought which has borne such good fruit, but to Dr. Conolly

was given the special gift of forcing that thought on the observation and consciences of other men. It matters little; to the originator his work is its own sufficient reward, or if it needs a crown, it finds it when it gets a really skilful exponent.

From The Spectator.

FOREST LIFE IN ACADIE.*

THIS is a sportsman's narrative, and Captain Hardy has told his tale so agreeably that the reader who is in search of amusement for an idle hour will find all that he looks for in these lively and picturesque "sketches." The book has the interest of personal knowledge and experience, and the enthusiasm of the author is so keen that he fairly carries us away with him, until we are ready to believe that moose-hunting in North America is the most important pursuit in which a rational being can engage. Not that the book is confined to that sport, for there is much else in it to allure the naturalist and sportsman; but the moose or elk—for the moose of North America is the elk of Sweden—is the chief game of the country over which Captain Hardy has rambled and shot for more than fifteen years. His hearty enjoyment of the sport and his delight in the solitudes of American forests give zest to a record of travel which might otherwise prove monotonous. There is no grand scenery to describe; there are no ferocious beasts to encounter, as in the jungles of India or the primeval forests of Africa. There is the satisfaction, however, of being, as it were, within call of civilized life, even while separated from it; and it is curious, by the way, to note that the moose, which is startled at the faintest foot-tread or by the rustle of a branch, will listen unmoved to the steam engine as it roars through his woods:—

"I have waited motionless [says the author], for an hour at a time, knowing the herd was reposing close at hand, and anxiously expecting a little wind to stir the branches so as to cover my advance, which would otherwise be quite futile. The snapping of a little twig, or the least collision of the rifle with a branch in passing, or the crunching of the snow under the moccasins, though you planted your footsteps with the most deliberate caution, would suffice to start them. The moose is not easily alarmed, however, by

* *Forest Life in Acadie: Sketches of Sport and Natural History in the Lower Provinces of the Canadian Dominion.* By Captain Campbell Hardy. London: Chapman and Hall. 1869.

distant sounds, nor does he take notice of dogs barking, the screams of geese, or the choppings of an axe—sounds emanating from some settler's farm, which are borne through the air on a clear frosty morning to an astonishing distance in America. Indeed, I was once lying in the bushes in full view of a magnificent bull, when the cars passed on a provincial railway at a distance of four or five miles, and the deep, discordant howl of the American engine whistle, or rather trumpet, woke echoes from the hill-sides far and near. Once or twice he raised his ears, and slowly turned his head to the sound, and then quietly and meditatively resumed the process of rumination."

The days of this noble animal are numbered. His domain, like that of the Red Indian, is being rapidly encroached upon by civilized man, and ere long both the moose and the reindeer will share the fate of the dodo. The sportsman who would shoot either of these animals has no light task to accomplish. He must be content often to wander for days in the forest without a sight of his prey, to wade through swamps, to lie upon the damp ground, or creep noiselessly through the wet bushes; he must care nothing for fatigue or hardships, and for his guide and companion must be satisfied with the society of the red man. Without his aid the huntsman avers that it is useless to attempt the pursuit of either the elk or reindeer. He once hoped to be able to master the art and hunt on his own account, but the experience of years has shown him that this is impossible. Indeed, a cariboo or reindeer is so similar in colour to the objects surrounding it that when motionless it is scarcely possible for a European eye to detect the animal, although within range of the bullet, while the moose is so wary and has such an exquisite scent, that he can only be approached by the exercise of rare caution, patience, and skill. The Indian's art, we are told, is not only the result of long practice, but of the skill he has inherited from his forefathers,—another proof, if proof be needed, of the wonderful acuteness which the mind attains when exercised for generations in one direction. Ignorant of aught else, the red man's knowledge of his own art is incomparable:—

"Confused in the maze of woods through which your Indian leads you after moose, you chance to ask him at length where camp lies. He will tell you within half a point of the compass and without hesitation, though miles away from the spot. The slightest disarrangement of moss or foliage, a piece of broken fern, or a scratch on the lichens of a granite plateau, are to him the sign-posts of the woods; he reads them at a glance, running. Should you rest

under a tree, or by a brook-side, leaving, perhaps, gloves, purse, or pouch behind, next day he will go straight to the spot and recover them, though the country is strange. Under the snow he will find and show you what he has observed or secreted during the previous summer. He is the closest observer of nature, and can tell you the times and seasons of everything; and there is not an animal, bird or reptile whose voice he cannot imitate with marvellous exactness."

This imitative faculty serves him in good stead in capturing his prey. When the Indian huntsman is in the neighbourhood of a male moose he allures him to his destruction by imitating the voice of the female, or if he suspects that the animal has a mate by his side, he draws him from his security by a rival challenge. The same device was formerly resorted to in hunting the cariboo, but Captain Hardy states that the call-note is now lost. Foxes are readily destroyed in this way:—"A little shrill squeak produced by the lips applied to the thumbs of the closed hands, and the fox would at once gallop up with the utmost boldness, and meet his fate through the Indian's gun."

The author has a very lively chapter entitled, "Camping Out." A sportsman, like a traveller, should be blessed with a cheerful temperament. What matter if he sinks in a bog, or stumbles in a rocky stream, or brushes his shins against the stumps of trees, or, owing to a sudden flood, finds his bed three inches in water; what matter if he is overrun with ants or plagued with mosquitoes, under all circumstances he is bound to be cheerful and even merry, or he is unfitted for a life in the forest!—

"To let you know [says Captain Hardy] what is before you, here is a description of a very common feature in the woods—an alder swamp:—Take a substratum of black mud, into which you will sink at least up to your knees, perhaps up to your hips; cover this over with a treacherous crust of peat, turf, and moss; over this strew windfalls, *i.e.*, dead, fallen trees, with the branches broken off close to the trunks, leaving sharp spikes; from an interlaced network of these, sprinkled in a few granite rocks; and cover all this over with a thick growth of alder bushes about five feet high, so that you cannot possibly see where you are putting your feet; vary the ground with a few boggy streams and 'honeypots,' or mud holes. Then walk across this with a good load on your back and your gun under your arm without losing your temper!"

A wholesome discipline this, which might prove of infinite service to scores of idle men in London, who are the prey of dyspepsia and ennui, the victims of too many

home or club comforts. To such we commend this volume, but not to them only. There are few readers who will not gain some knowledge and much pleasure from these pleasantly written chapters.

From The Gentleman's Magazine.

• THE DISCOVERY OF AMERICA BY THE CHINESE.

Was Columbus the first discoverer of America, or did he only rediscover that continent after it had, in remote ages, been found, peopled, and forgotten by the Old World? It is curious that this question has not been more generally raised, for it is very clear that one of two things must be true: either the people whom Columbus found in America must have been descended from emigrants from the Old World, and therefore America was known to the Old World before Columbus's time, or else the aborigines of the western hemisphere were the result of spontaneous human generation, the development of man from a lower species of animal, or descended from a second Adam and Eve, whose origin would be equally puzzling. Unless we are prepared to cast aside Holy Writ, and all our general notions of the origin of the human race, we must believe that there was at one time communication between the Old World and the New. Probably this communication took place on the opposite side of the world to ours, between the eastern coast of Asia and the side of America most remote from Europe; and I believe it is quite possible that the inhabitants of Eastern Asia may have been aware of the existence of America, and kept up intercourse with it while our part of the Old World never dreamt of its existence. The impenetrable barrier the Chinese were always anxious to preserve between themselves and the rest of the nations of the Old World renders it quite possible that they should have kept their knowledge of America to themselves, or, at any rate, from Europe. The objection that the art of navigation in such remote times was not sufficiently advanced to enable the Chinese to cross the Pacific and land on the western shore of America is not conclusive, as we have now found that arts and sciences which were once generally supposed to be of quite modern origin existed in China ages and ages before their discovery in Europe. The arts of paper-making and printing, amongst others, had been practiced in China long before Europeans had any idea of them. Why, then,

should not the Chinese have been equally, or more, in advance of us in navigation? The stately ruins of Baalbec, with gigantic arches across the streets whose erection would puzzle our modern engineers, the Pyramids, and other such remains of stupendous works point to a state of civilization, and the existence of arts and sciences in times of which European historians give no account.

One fact corroborative of the idea that the Old World, or at least some of the inhabitants of Asia, were once aware of the existence of America before its discovery by Columbus is that many of the Arabian *ulema* with whom I have conversed on this subject, are fully convinced that the ancient Arabian geographers knew of America, and in support of this opinion point to passages in old works in which a country to the west of the Atlantic is spoken of. An Arab gentleman, a friend of mine, General Hussein Pasha, in a work he has just written on America, called *En-Nessr-Et-Tayir*, quotes from Djeldeki and other old writers to show this.

There is, however, amongst Chinese records not merely vague references to a country to the west of the Atlantic, but a circumstantial account of its discovery by the Chinese long before Columbus was born.

A competent authority on such matters, J. Haulay, the Chinese interpreter in San Francisco, has lately written an essay on this subject, from which we gather the following startling statements drawn from Chinese historians and geographers.

Fourteen hundred years ago even America had been discovered by the Chinese and described by them. They stated that land to be about 20,000 Chinese miles distant from China. About 500 years after the birth of Christ, Buddhist priests repaired there, and brought back the news that they had met with Buddhist idols and religious writings in the country already. Their descriptions, in many respects, resemble those of the Spaniards a thousand years after. They called the country "Fusany," after a tree which grew there, whose leaves resemble those of the bamboo, whose bark the natives made clothes and paper out of, and whose fruit they ate. These particulars correspond exactly and remarkably with those given by the American historian, Prescott, about the maquay tree in Mexico. He states that the Aztecs prepared a pulp for paper-making out of the bark of this tree. Then, even its leaves were used for thatching; its fibres for making ropes; its roots yielded a nourishing food; and its

sap, by means of fermentation, was made into an intoxicating drink. The accounts given by the Chinese and Spaniards, although a thousand years apart, agree in stating that the natives did not possess any iron, but only copper; that they made all their tools, for working in stone and metals, out of a mixture of copper and tin; and they, in comparison with the nations of Europe and Asia, thought but little of the worth of silver and gold. The religious customs and forms of worship presented the same characteristics to the Chinese fourteen hundred years ago as to the Spaniards four hundred years ago. There is, moreover, a remarkable resemblance between the religion of the Aztecs and the Buddhism of the Chinese, as well as between the manners and customs of the Aztecs and those of the people of China. There is also a great similarity between the features of the Indian tribes of Middle and South America and those of the Chinese, and, as Haulay, the Chinese interpreter of whom we spoke above, states, between the accent and most of the monosyllabic words of the Chinese and Indian languages. Indeed, this writer gives a list of words which point to a close relationship; and infers therefrom that there must have been emigration from China to the American continent at a most early period indeed, as the official accounts of Buddhist priests fourteen hundred years ago notice these things as existing already. Perhaps now old records may be recovered in China which may furnish full particulars of this question. It is at any rate remarkable and confirmative of the idea of emigration from China to America at some remote period, that at the time of the discovery of America by the Spaniards the Indian tribes on the coast of the Pacific, opposite to China, for the most part, enjoyed a state of culture of ancient growth, while the inhabitants of the Atlantic shore were found by Europeans in a state of original barbarism. If the idea of America having been discovered before the time of Columbus be correct, it only goes to prove that there is nothing new under the sun; and that Shelley was right in his bold but beautiful lines: "Thou canst not find one spot whereon no city stood." Admitting this, who can tell whether civilization did not exist in America when we were plunged in barbarism? and, stranger still, whether the endless march of ages in rolling over our present cultivation may not obliterate it, and sever the two hemispheres once again from each other's cognizance? Possibly, man is destined, in striving after civilization, to be

like Sisyphus, always engaged in rolling up a stone which ever falls down.

CHARLES WELLS.

From The Pall Mall Gazette.

MOORS AND DEER FORESTS.

THE season of the year naturally turns a good deal of attention to the moors and their inhabitants, and it can hardly be called unnatural, though perhaps it is not very sportsmanlike, to look at the question for a moment from a different point of view. Hardly any subject, indeed, involves problems of greater interest than the economics of sporting. Their full solution would require the investigation of the whole range of ethics and political economy, but it is possible within narrower limits to point out some of the more important bearings of the subject.

All the principal questions connected with the subject are raised by two cases which are sharply opposed to each other. In Mr. Senior's posthumous work about Ireland, an account is given of a district in the south-west of that island which would make an admirable deer forest if it could but be freed from the presence of some 5,000 people who inhabit the plains of the mountains of which the forest would be composed. If the district were depopulated for any such purpose it could only be done at the expense of an amount of opposition, carried in all probability to the length of bloodshed, from which the persons principally interested would assuredly recoil. The consequence is that the district in question is, and will no doubt continue to be, of hardly any value except to the 5,000 inhabitants, to whom it just yields a very scanty and wretched livelihood; and to the landlord, who derives from it a rent made up of a vast number of trifling sums, difficult and costly to collect, and inconsiderable in comparison with the rent which would be yielded by a forest used for sport, or by a mere open tract devoted to cattle. This is one case. The other is the case of the Scotch Highlands. They, as we all know, have been cleared of their population. Indeed, the famous threat of Queen Caroline that Scotland should be turned into a hunting-ground has been literally fulfilled as to a great part of the country. Many of the nobility, too, have got their dogs ready for the occasion, as the Duke of Argyll proposed to do, but the dogs so prepared have been literal and not metaphorical quadrupeds, intended to enjoy the sport provided for them in the most

commonplace manner. Here, again, the natural results have followed. The mountains are far more profitable than they ever were before. They yield to their proprietors a rent infinitely exceeding the revenues which were derived from them in former times. No population at all, or none to speak of, is to be found in them, and the people who would otherwise have been living there in poverty are living in comparative wealth on the other side of the Atlantic. Whoever could answer completely the question which of these two results ought to be regarded as a subject of congratulation would have solved one at least of the most difficult of the social questions which this age has to answer, for it is obvious that the solution will depend upon these questions amongst others. Whose interests is it the object of political science to advance, and in what manner are those interests to be understood? The following interests amongst others are more or less at stake. The interests of the owners of the land; the interests of the cultivators of the land; the interests of the nation at large; and the interests of mankind at large. If we look at the interests of the owners of land alone, it is clearly for their advantage in a money point of view, that their land should produce the greatest possible quantity of those commodities for which people are willing to pay rent, whether they are deer, grouse, cattle, or sheep, at the smallest possible expense to themselves in the way of labour. It is self-evident that an estate which is cultivated by 1,000 people, all of whom have to be maintained out of the produce before any rent can be paid, is less profitable to the owner than an estate which would yield the same return of itself without any cultivation at all, and that the difference is measured by the amount which it costs to maintain the cultivators. How far the difference between the money value of two such properties might be made up to their respective owners by the satisfaction derived by one of them from the reflection that his land afforded the means of subsistence to a larger number of his fellow-creatures than his neighbour's land, is a question of individual temperament; but if we suppose the proprietor to be a humane and wise man who derives greater pleasure from pleasing or serving others than from the command of an increased income, his feelings would depend upon the further question, how the interests of the tenantry themselves would be affected by the change. This depends to a great extent upon the meaning attached to the word interest. If it means their interest as understood by

themselves at the moment at which the choice between going and staying is offered to them, it would, in almost every case, be their interest to stay, that is, they would wish to stay; and the same may in general be said of boys going to school for the first time. But if by a man's interest you mean the net balance of pleasure or pain likely to be derived from a given undertaking, assuming that he lives to carry it out, and assuming that he likes and dislikes the same sort of things in the same sort of degree as most other people — assuming, for instance, that he cares more for health, strength, good food and clothing, and all the pleasures of abundance than for the associations and society connected with his native place—it is generally for his interest to go. That the Scotch and Irish who have emigrated to America and other parts of the world are much happier than they would have been in their own country is conclusively proved by the fact that none of them think of coming back again. It is inconceivable that a man who has once lived on his own land in Canada or Michigan should come back to rent a few acres of heath or bog from one of the great Scotch or Irish proprietors. So far it would seem that it is the interest of the parties principally concerned — namely, the landlords on the one side and the tenants on the other — to leave to grouse, to deer, or to sheep, or to cattle, as the case may be, places which will produce a greater rent if let as playgrounds on a large scale or as cattle farms than they would in the hands of small occupiers.

It must not, however, be forgotten that there is another party interested in the transaction, namely, the British nation, and it by no means follows that that which promotes the landlord's interest, and also, at the expense of a good deal of heartburning, the tenant's interest as well, is an equally good bargain for the nation at large. The common argument upon the subject is that if all the land in the country is let at as high a rent as it will fetch in the open market, the fact that it is so let is a conclusive proof that it is put to the use for which it is best fitted, and that the interest of the nation at large in the matter is as fully attained as reasonable men could expect or wish it to be. In short, it is usual to assert that private interest is the only intelligible, or at all events the only accessible, measure of public interest; and that arrangements which suit those who are immediately concerned in them must promote the general good, inasmuch as the general good is merely the sum total of the good of individuals. This would no doubt be quite true if the whole

world were one nation, and if in the eyes of reasonable men a happy man was a happy man whether he lived in the British Islands, North America, or Australia. Fully accept this principle, and it may very probably be true that the most convenient plan would be to appropriate different countries to different purposes. The British isles might be divided between work and play. A certain number of great towns would be the workshops and the exchanges of the world. Part of the country would be made into a corn, cattle, and cheese factory, whilst the rest would be devoted to the luxury of landholding, a luxury which, like many other luxuries, would be monopolized by the people who made their money in the towns. Those parts of Scotland which were not devoted to high farming would continue to form a happy hunting ground. Ireland would be a vast dairy farm. The British islands generally would thus in course of time become a heaven for rich men and for skilled mechanics, and would be freed for ever by the process of expatriation of those numerous and troublesome classes which do not fall under these descriptions. They would betake themselves to North America, to Australia, to South Africa, in course of time to South America, and would there carry on the different processes which we see so vigorously in progress in the United States. We do not in the least degree wish to whine over such a prospect. We might, no doubt, do worse, but it is difficult to us, at least, to repress some apprehensions. A nation so constituted would never be able to maintain the place among the nations of the earth which we hold at present. The basis of its prosperity, such as it was, would be to the last degree narrow and insecure, and its insecurity would be heightened by the reckless extravagance of the inhabitants. A dairy farm may not be an extravagance, it may be the best mode of cultivating land; but a park, a deer forest, a grouse moor, a snipe bog, are great extravagances, and the high rents which are paid for them are only proofs and not refutations of this assertion. A grouse moor or a deer forest have no more claim to be regarded as part of the national wealth, because they produce a high rent, than a concert or play have to be regarded in that light because people will pay large sums for a place at them. They are only an index to the amount which a particular class is willing to expend for one form of amusement. If the Highland glens were repopled and employed in raising sheep and cattle, and if the wasteful prices paid as rent for them were given to the proprietors

of Icelandic or Norwegian wildernesses, our national wealth would undoubtedly be increased. Whether the same can be said of everything which increases the number of sheep and cattle in the country, even at the expense of diminishing the population, is another question, and one of the highest importance. At present we can only say of it that we do not think that the point has yet been reached in this country at which it arises. There is plenty of population in Great Britain; but if the highest triumph of political economy would be found in arrangements calculated to produce the greatest possible population employed in the most healthy, invigorating, and agreeable occupations, it cannot be said that we have as yet approached its solution.

From The Pall Mall Gazette.
SEA BATHING ABROAD.

DIEPPE, August 17.

AMONG the many things which we are frequently told "they manage so much better in France" is sea bathing. How far this praise is deserved, and to what extent it needs qualification, will appear from the following account of the system of bathing as now practised at Dieppe. The principal feature of the bathing at Dieppe is the "Etablissement des Bains." In appearance, the main building is not unlike a slice of the Crystal Palace; and around it, within a small enclosed space, are various lesser supplementary buildings, all connected with and forming part of the Etablissement. Among these there is a large bath house, where hot and cold and douche baths and water cures of every description may be had; there is a gymnasium, there is, of course, a theatre—but only in this instance for marionettes; there is a café restaurant glacier, a tiny croquet green, a merry-go-round, and some other amusements for the children; a camera obscura; and a room wherein some mild gambling is carried on. Attached to the Etablissement is a medical man, who advises all who care to consult him as to the length of time they should remain in the water, the best hours for bathing, &c., and who may be regarded as having a general medical control of the bathing and the bathers. Perhaps, also, it is M. le Médecin—at any rate there is some one—who is responsible for the lowering of a flag when the water is too rough for safe bathing. When the flag is down bathing is prohibited. The safety of the bathers is further assured by the posting of a

boat and boatmen, with all the requisite life-belts, cords, &c., off each bathing point. The thing — like everything else in France where organization is required — is very complete, down even, among other minutiae, to the “*pédicure*” with his “*cabinet d'extraction*.” In the main building, at one end of which is a reading-room, are held balls, fancy fairs, concerts, and entertainments of all sorts, while it serves also as a lounge and rendezvous for the visitors and residents, who “*peacock*” also upon the terrace in front in the gayest of French dresses, and attired after a fashion which is sometimes too advanced to be fashionable. The “*Etablissement des Bains*” at Dieppe corresponds, in fact, to the more famous establishment at Homburg, with this important exception, that as there are no gambling profits to keep the former going, one has to pay for everything, instead of having, as at Homburg, free admission everywhere. However, the charges are not so heavy as to be prohibitory, and the result is an amount of social convenience and amusement — not wholly free, however, from certain abuses — which one would seek for in vain at an English seaside watering-place. As far as the bathing itself goes, one may use the *Etablissement* as much or as little as one likes. Indeed, one need not use it at all, for to the right and left of the *Etablissement*, in front of the “*Plage*,” and under the shadow of the great castle rock, are other bathing places, where the charges are less, and where the privacy is somewhat greater. In fact, it would seem that the only result of using the *Etablissement* for bathing purposes is that you there deposit yourself under a larger number of eyes and opera glasses than are likely to be directed upon you if you resort to the “*petits bains*” outside. But the truth is, that it is almost impossible at Dieppe to enjoy one's bath quietly, or wholly to escape from the publicity which, until one becomes hardened in the matter, is decidedly embarrassing. And this brings me to a point at which the French system of sea bathing seems to be conspicuously inferior to our own. I am told that irregularities occasionally take place along on our coasts, and one might wish, as indeed I do heartily, that drawers were the rule and not the exception in England; in France no man or boy is permitted under any circumstances to bathe without them; and it is not to be disputed that the bathing dresses of our English ladies admit of improvement, to avoid that saturated, statuesque appearance which the wearers exhibit as they leave the water or stand above the receding waves. But never in

England have I had to make my way in a state of nudity (drawers excepted) down a long beach thick with ladies, many of whom bring their work, which I fancy makes little progress, and their books, which I misadventured their reading, and take up their positions as nearly as may be to the edge of the water, in which some scores of naked men are disporting themselves. The distance that one has to walk in this condition depends upon the state of the tide, for bathing machines appear to be unknown at Dieppe, and the little canvas cabins in which one performs one's toilette are stationary, so that at low water the stretch of beach which has to be traversed, and which is thickly dotted with ladies (not often, it is fair to observe, our own countrywomen), presents a sufficiently formidable appearance for a man of ordinary modesty. I question if an Englishman ever feels quite comfortable under the circumstances. With the average Frenchman I am disposed to think it is otherwise, and that the homage of admiring eyes, as he struts leisurely in his nudity before them, is as incense to his vanity. But it is, at any rate, certain that, whether from habit or from some other more deep-seated cause, the Frenchman generally bears the exposure better than we do, and appears to relish the beach part of the performance quite as much, to say the least, as the bath proper. He walks erect, he strokes his sleek skin, he adjusts his caleçons, he “*puts on side*,” he pleasantly recognizes his acquaintances among the crowd, he pauses composedly to talk to some one — nay, sometimes he is accompanied by a lady, who will even, if he be so minded, await his return at the edge of the water with his peignoir on her arm, when she will envelope him in its white folds, pat him approvingly on the back, and walk happily back with him until he retires into his dressing place. The Englishman generally runs down or proceeds by a series of awkward hops, skips, and jumps — he is not always erect; he cannot find the time or the face to swagger under the circumstances, and he gets into and out of the water as quickly as he can. But whether one likes it or not, whether one hurries or loiters, swaggers or is abashed, there can, I think, be no question that the system is really immodest and objectionable. Of the bathing of the ladies there is, perhaps, not so much to complain. They are all clad in a tidy little suit, which consists generally of a black serge tunic loose like a Norfolk blouse, and drawn in at the waist, and a pair of short trousers of the same stuff, or else a jacket and trousers in one. The sleeves of the tunic are

more or less short, reaching generally to the elbow; the trousers usually cover the knees. The dress is relieved with little tags of coloured ribbon and trimming here and there, and a bright belt, while a finish and a touch of coquetry are given by a jaunty little hat or cap lined with an oil-silk bag to protect the hair. Sometimes the dresses are of brighter colours, red and blue, more or less trimmed; and in some cases a diaphanous white material is worn by the less modest spirits in place of the sterner serge stuff of which the dresses are for the most part made. There is also considerable licence allowed in the matter of the shortness of the sleeves and trousers, of which full advantage (if that be the proper word to use) is occasionally taken. But, on the whole, the costumes are about as modest and unobjectionable as bathing costumes can easily be made; and, despite the smart little caps and the bright patches of trimming and ribbon, they certainly fall short of being becoming. But if the costumes are unobjectionable enough and superior to our own for the actual operation of bathing, I question if they should be so regarded for the purpose of promenading the beach — to which use they are largely applied. I do not mean to say that when a lady at Dieppe wishes to go for a walk on the beach she dons her bathing costume; but I do mean to say that more time is consumed by many of the bathers between their little bathing cabins and the sea than they spend in the water itself. And I may say further that the instincts of most modest women would revolt from the idea of exhibiting themselves in open air in trousers, and with bare legs and arms, before a number of gentlemen — especially when the saturation of the costume gives a sharpness of definition of the form which, not to put it more forcibly, emphasizes the absence of underclothing. But the absence of bathing machines necessitates to some extent this exposure on the part of ladies who would bathe at Dieppe. The exposure may be modified or prolonged according to taste. A lady, may, if she chooses, wear a peignoir until she gets into the water, and don it again the moment she comes out; in which case she will have the gratification of presenting the appearance of walking about in her nightgown; or she may bathe at high tide only, or at the “*petits bains*” to the left of the *Etablissement*, where there are not so many spectators, or, at least, she may pass as quickly as possible from her cabin to the sea and back. Most English ladies adopt one or more of these expedients. But with the generality of the bath-

ers it is otherwise. The beach for many hours of the day immediately under the terrace of the *Etablissement* is thick with forms clad as above, and apparently in no hurry to reach the water on the one hand, or the dressing-room on the other; while all along the terrace are rows of chairs, each with an occupant, who has not often forgotten to bring his opera glasses. In front, small bathing canoes, paddled each by a male bather in the costume which nature and the caleçons which the French Administration have given him, pass leisurely to and fro; while the ladies are also taken on the right flank by a considerable body of naked men who are bathing in the space set apart for them. Some few of the men wear complete costumes, and then are permitted to make raids into the female territory, and to mix with the female bathers. The latter are, meanwhile, dancing in circles, some few are swimming, and others are clinging with an *abandon* which I am told is due to terror, but which looks like something else, round the neck of one of those favoured mortals whose life is spent in bearing lovely burdens into the waves, in calming their fears, and in dipping and ducking them as they may desire. And in order that all may be in harmony in the bathing system at Dieppe, the Administration has considerably provided for this delicate and delightful duty men instead of women.

From The Spectator.

PRESIDENT HUXLEY.

THERE is, perhaps, no one in England outside the domain of politics with whom we have contended so often or so fiercely as with Professor Huxley. We usually disagree with his conclusions, always distrust his method, and occasionally, though rarely, cross-examine his testimony as to facts. Nevertheless, we cordially congratulate the British Association on the successful effort to elect him as President for 1870. It is quite clear, even from the reticent accounts which have appeared in the papers, that there was a contest about his election, and a contest in which it was of the last importance to the cause of free inquiry, or rather of scientific inquiry of any kind, that his friends should be successful. A battle, it is pretty evident, was fought around him, between the obscurantists and the seekers after truth for its own sake, and if the former had won, as it appeared at one time probable they would win, the cause of truth — that is, in our judgment, of supernatura-

lism as opposed to materialism — would have been thrown back half a century. The fight, as we understand it, was in this wise. Professor Huxley, as is well known, holds opinions — no, that is an incorrect description — avows a belief, that the processes of scientific inquiry, if strictly pursued, will yield results not consistent with certainty as to the existence of a sentient Final Cause. The Final Cause may be non-sentient, or may not exist — cause being as infinite as effect — or may be — and this is, as we understand him, Mr. Huxley's preferential view — so absolutely beyond human ken, so clearly the Unknowable, that to attempt to trace its character, or wishes, or end in the government of the universe is an attempt to resolve a recurring decimal, a useless and perplexing waste of time. That idea is one very familiar to the scientific world, and would not worry it in the least; but Mr. Huxley is unfortunately very "indiscreet," — thinks it his duty not only to hold his opinions, but to propagate them; is apt to propagate them very forcibly; and, worst of all, is inclined, when propagating them, to talk English. Nobody competent to form an opinion at all can doubt for one moment that Mr. Huxley intends to say that the existence, and still more the character, of the Final Cause is an open question, upon which no human being, the Archbishop of Canterbury included, has any right to give an absolute opinion. Consequently, a large section of the Association, like a still larger section of the British public, think Mr. Huxley "indiscreet," or dangerous, and though not prepared to affirm that his opinions are disqualifications for scientific office — to affirm that would be to give up investigation altogether — are prepared to say that "in the existing state of public opinion," and — ah! hum! — "having regarded to the prejudices of the mass of English society," it would be expedient to nominate some President less liable to attack. So strong was the opposition upon this ground alone, for nobody questions the Professor's scientific rank, that the Council who had nominated Mr. Huxley appear to have given way, and to have informally requested Lord Stanley to accept the Presidency for 1870. A more ignoble piece of Philistine hypocrisy we never remember to have heard of. We must not, of course, with the case of "Faithfull v. Grant," in our recollection, assert that Lord Stanley agrees with Mr. Huxley much more than with his opponents; but we may at least say that those who invited him knew he was not "orthodox," knew that he had described Christianity in

the House of Commons as "the opinion of Europe," knew that he was certain from the texture of his mind to push inquiry to any conceivable length. But because they also knew that he would be discreet, that he would say nothing that could "offend" people who did not understand him, that he would hold an esoteric as well as an exoteric creed, that he would, whatever his conclusion, express it in conventional phrase, they resolved to invite him to take the chair of an Association whose single object is the diffusion of absolute Truth. Lord Stanley, perhaps aware of the reasons for his own nomination — he generally is aware of things despite his talent for silence — perhaps faintly contemptuous of a preference shown as much to his rank as himself, quietly declined the honour, advising the Association to select a man of science instead of a politician. Thereupon the Council fell back upon their original choice, Professor Huxley, but even in nominating him their spokesman Sir Stafford Northcote felt it necessary to apologize, and separate himself in the most marked manner from his own vote, while the *Times* reports and justifies the sort of dismay with which the election is regarded. Its reporter says: — "There seems to be a very general feeling that Professor Huxley in the chair of the British Association will be in as difficult a position as Mr. Bright in the Ministry. He is the champion of views to which large classes of people entertain very strong objections; and however discreet he may be in the absence of opposition, his best friends tremble for him if those views should be impugned. The great object of the British Association is to render science popular, and this object is best promoted by a President whose name is not identified with one side of an unsettled question, and whose declared opinions are not calculated to provoke any kind of antagonism. About the great scientific claims of Professor Huxley there can be no dispute; and, while we cannot look forward to his presidency quite without misgivings, we none the less cordially hope that it may fulfil all the expectations of his supporters."

The *Times* exactly represents, in this instance, the idea of the majority of Englishmen, and we cannot conceive of any idea at once more unwise and more ignoble. All through England, as through all the Continent, the one grand controversy now raging among cultivated men, — whose opinion, be it remembered, will be ten years hence the opinion of the people, — is whether the Supernatural exists at all; whether everything is not cause and effect; whether the

theory of a sentient First Cause, which is the basis of all we call faith or religion—though it is *not* the sole possible basis of morals, the dogma that truth is good, falsehood bad, being, for example, as independent of God as it is of man—is not a delusion out of accord with all the facts which, if human reason is to be accepted as a guide at all,—as a guide, that is, which he can trust as we trust our senses,—must be accepted as true.

A new and sovereign desire to get at the bottom of this, as the only real question, to have certainty about it, to believe it or disbelieve it *hard*, to frame life on it, is manifesting itself in every stratum of society, manifesting itself very often in a sort of blind fury of enthusiasm. At the same moment, and among the same classes, an equally intense desire is displayed to examine the question through science, through close observation and rigid analysis, and unhesitating recombination of the facts revealed by "Nature," to try the whole subject once for all by the scientific test. So strong is this desire that it pervades those who know nothing of science, till they fancy that if they had but the talisman it would bring water out of the rock, till we see before us a phenomenon absolutely novel, a confidence without reason leading to an unbelief as absolute as the belief which a similar confidence in religion formerly produced, a positive faith in faithlessness. We ask any one who knows English society at all if we exaggerate when we say that there are hundreds of able men in England, who, knowing nothing of science, disbelieve in God, or rather in God's government, because, as they think, science has dispelled that ancient delusion, who refer honestly and confidently to the "Authority" of science exactly as men once referred, and on the Continent women still refer, to the "authority" of the Church, who regard Professors Huxley, Tyndall, and the rest as "Directors" are supposed to be regarded by faithful Ultramontanians.

It is in the midst of all this, of a controversy which we can say, as heartily as the *Record* or the *Tablet*, affects "salvation," which, that is, must perceptibly affect the relation of man to God for generations, that Sir Stafford Northcote and the *Times*, and the thousands who feel with them, advise that the conflict shall become "discreet," that no man very prominent on either side shall be raised to the chair in the recognized Committee of Investigation; that the leader of the Naturalists shall be silenced so far as may be, that all reports on the progress of inquiry shall evade the main issues;

that, in short, everybody shall go on telling decorous little lies till everybody else is dead. We cannot, they say, trust the discretion of Mr. Huxley if opposed. Discretion! Do they, then, want Mr. Huxley's opinions to prevail? It looks very like it, but we are aware that numbers who do not want it are of the same way of thinking, and we will just tell them what their demand for "discretion" means. It means that the discussion shall go on as fiercely as ever, but in a new and occult language; that a scepticism irresistible, because released from the necessity of defence, shall spread throughout society, shall grow with every year, and every discovery, and every new claim of unopposed "authority," more and more unsparing; shall saturate the young, and paralyze the middle-aged, and shock the old, until at last it breaks out, as every protest against repression at last breaks out, in a flame of fury, which for a time will burn up Faith throughout Britain, as it is burning it up wherever Ultramontaniam has power to do what these "discreet" men of science desire to see done here. It means that a caste is to grow up whom the multitude cannot help respecting on account of their knowledge, and who are to transmit through ages an occult faith which all who are ambitious, or inquisitive, or devoted to truth will seek to know, which they will learn as a mystery, amid all the attractions mystery lends to every science, and which when they have learned it will teach them that faith is folly, religion a delusion, its teachers obscurantists, and the only truth—the truth that Truth is undiscoverable. It means that the defenders of supernaturalism, or as we contend, of true science, shall be paralyzed; that they who can fight only in the light shall be forced to a combat in the dusk; that they shall have no arms, while their adversaries are invested with the enchanted weapons of the ancient creeds, with the shield of Darkness, and the sword of the Love of Truth, and the jointless armour of an impenetrable Faith. It means that we who fight for the existence of the Supernatural as a scientific fact as capable of demonstration as the fusibility of metals, are never to be permitted to see our enemies, indeed are never to have any enemies, but to be placed like soldiers in a marsh to shoot arrows against a blight, to disperse miasma with artillery, to make shade brightness with the bayonet, to secure the impossible through conditions which are self-contradictory. We are to avoid all that is not orthodox, to say nothing straight out, to leave the defence, say, of a possible divine destiny in man to the Archdeacon

who says such a destiny must be, because it is clear that the angel who waved the sword at the gate of Eden must have been created after man, and being created after man, proves that man was a creation, and not a development, and thinks rubbish of that sort will stop the progress of infidelity.

But, says the *Times* — it is not merely a reporter who says it, though the words appear in a report, for the *Times* does not allow its reporter to lecture in that style — Mr. Huxley is so indiscreet. So much the better, both for truth and for orthodoxy. If there is one thing dangerous to the faith of a people, it is that disbelief should be hinted, should be veiled under sarcastic compliments to faith, should become the secret of the initiated, the *arrière pensée* of the cultivated, should filter down from mind to mind in silence, should drop through, as it were, from the supper-table to the basement, and nobody be conscious that it is dropping, — till accident reveals the irremediable mischief. This is how Voltarianism was diffused, and that is how English Secularism will be, if the able respectables like Sir Stafford Northcote continue so dreadfully afraid of indiscretions in discussions. Discretion in this sense is simply concealment of the very thing that ought to be known, namely, the gravity of the moral result involved in the scientific inquiry, a gravity which once realized makes that inquiry not only much more exact, but much wider. Take, for instance, this discussion about primeval man. It does not really involve any religious point of importance — for, after all, whether man had a lemur for his ancestor or not, he is still man — but it is supposed to do so, and look how that supposition instantly widens the inquiry. Lawrence went into it as if all the data were bones and muscles, Sir John Lubbock includes the history of civilization, Mr. Wallace adds a vast mass of facts as to the moral instincts of savages, till at last, man being treated fairly as a whole, all the facts being examined under the new pressure, Mr. Huxley, who is so much dreaded, makes what seems to us the greatest conceivable concession to the supernaturalists, — that the chasm between man and the brute is beyond measurement, is infinite. There is no point of view except one from which the reticence now advocated can be logically defended. Of course the unbeliever is not shocked. Suppose the observer is orthodox, then surely a frank statement that certain appearances seem inconsistent with the being of a God, is a warning not to accept those statements without the inquiry rendered needful by

that tremendous result, is infinitely better than a mere hint apparent only to the initiated that, if it were safe to speak, that is what would be said. For the interests of the orthodox such a conclusion should be stated in its clearest and least discreet form, not in its least "offensive." Nobody is really injured by plainness except that class represented by the *Times*' reporter, which holds that next to enthusiasm the one great evil is disturbance, that nothing is worth a fuss, that indifference is the proper state of mind, even if the subject of indifference is the existence of a Creator. That is the true English middle-class state of mind, and the more it is shocked, annoyed, and horrified by indiscretions like Mr. Huxley's on the one hand, and Mr. Stokes' on the other, the sooner will it begin to find a reason for the faith that is in it. If we only had an "indiscreet" Archbishop! — but that being impossible, let us be thankful that we shall next year have an indiscreet President of the British Association.

From The Spectator.

A NEGRO GRAMMARIAN.

If the writer of the work referred to below* did not, in a letter to the Secretary of the Philological Society, speak of himself as "born of African parents," no one probably — not even a member of the Anthropological Society — would discover from an examination of it the colour of the pigment within his *rete mucosum*, or be able to measure from it the greater proximity of the writer over the reader to the anthropoid apes. If we are not mistaken indeed, it is the first grammatical work composed by a person of pure negro descent, and has a certain historical value from this point of view. Otherwise, except so far as its subject-matter is concerned, it has nothing particularly remarkable about it. But whatever might be the colour of its writer, it would always have a philological value, as dealing with that curious and as yet insufficiently investigated subject, *patois*.

We trust our readers have a sufficient idea of the distinction between a dialect and a true *patois* or jargon, — the former embodying those variations of type which grow up in one and the same language, chiefly through want of intercommunication (as is proved by the fact that mountain re-

* *The Theory and Practice of Creole Grammar*. By J. J. Thomas. Port of Spain (Trinidad.) 1893.

gions are its favourite homes, and that the dialectic differences between neighbouring valleys cut off from each other during a great part of the year by difficulties of access are often greater than those between far distant provinces of a level and well-cultivated country); whilst the latter represents the degradation of a lingual type through the attempt to use it by members of another race, a degradation which will be all the more thorough in proportion to any social inferiority of the one race to the other, as, for instance, between master and slave, conqueror and conquered, civilized or barbarian.

Hence, whilst dialect is often, perhaps oftenest, found in the very heart of a country, *patois* is properly a thing of borderlands, of islands and sea-coasts, *i.e.*, of the meeting-places between race and race, whether as friends or foes. Every conquering, encroaching race is sure both to create *patois* out of its own language or to overlap existing ones in its advance. Hence, probably no language covers with its skirts so great a variety of *patois* as our own, that of the great sea-conquerors of modern times, and none should feel more naturally interested than Englishmen in this branch of philological study. There is scarcely a European language which has not contributed one or more *patois* to the idioms spoken by the subjects of Queen Victoria. To quote three only,—Portuguese gives the Ceylon-Portuguese, not very distant from the original, but often strangely transmogrified to the eye by being written phonetically in the language of our immediate local predecessors, the Dutch. Of this we may quote, by way of sample, the works of a Wesleyan missionary, the Rev. J. Callo-way, such as his *Ceylon-Portuguese and English Dictionary* and his *Doze Sermans ne lingua de Portuguese de Ceylon*, both printed at Colombo, 1823. The Dutch itself gives the so-called Negro-English, which may be exemplified by the Moravian translation of the New Testament. ("Da Njoe Testament va wi Massa en Helpiman Jesus Christus, translated into the Negro-English language by the Missionaries of the Unitas Fratrurn, or United Brethren," 1829). The French again gives the *patois* which forms the subject of Mr. Thomas's work, the "Creole," spoken in all the present or former French Antilles, and on the French coast of Trinidad. Of the purely English *patois*, which are many, we need say little here. Perhaps the most curious of all is the Anglo-Chinese, with its strange transmogrifications of a polysyllabic tongue through the contact of a monosyllabic one;

in which, for instance, the word "occupation" having been travestied at a random shot by some Chinaman as "catchee pigone," the two halves of the travesty have gone each on their way rejoicing, till "catchee" has become the recognized synonym of "do," and "pigeon" of "business," "action," "thing."

The Creole is, indeed, of all *patois* of the British Empire, the one probably which approximates most nearly to the dignity of a language. Being founded, however, upon the French, its head-quarters are naturally in those islands (Martinique, Guadeloupe) which have remained subject to French rule, and already marked, shall we call them dialectic?—differences begin to appear in it as spoken in regions such as St. Lucia, Dominica, Trinidad, which have passed under that of the English. In Trinidad indeed, which was only very temporarily subject to France, its prevalence (though partly explained by immigration) yet shows that at the time when France was the dominant power in the West Indian islands, this French *patois* was on the way to becoming a common *lingua franca* for those even which were not actually under its sway. Mr. Thomas thus mentions a Creole catechism by Abbe Goux, of which he says that its *patois* "being that of Martinique or Guadeloupe, and withal very strange . . . would scarcely be more intelligible to a Trinidadian than real French." He is, perhaps, not aware that Trinidadian Creole is considered *very* impure in Martinique, which, indeed, looks even a little down on that of Guadeloupe. Nor, indeed, as respects the former, without reason; for, besides the necessary reaction of English upon Creole in Trinidad, at present, it is, no doubt, the fact—and was so still more before emancipation in the French colonies—that Creole in the latter has really been the familiar speech of a large portion of the dominant colour itself, especially among women, *i.e.*, of an educated or semi-educated class. There is no surer way to the good graces of an old French West Indian lady than to talk Creole with her, and indeed the perfect softness of the idiom renders it peculiarly fit to drop from a lady's lips. The word "drop" is here advisedly used, for to be appreciated Creole needs to be spoken slowly, with a certain characteristic drawl and sing-song intonation,—the writer might almost add, if he goes back to the recollection of thirty years past, in darkened rooms behind unglazed lattices, and by dames plump of form, and luxuriating in that easiest of all dresses, the cinctureless *gaule*, or long white dressing-gown.

Creole has indeed the beginnings of a literature, and it is somewhat surprising to find that whilst Mr. Thomas extracts a piece from the Haytian poet L'Herisson, he appears quite unaware of the existence of an equally classical Creole work, *Les Bambous*, a Creole travesty of *La Fontaine*, published anonymously (Fort Royal, Martinique, 1846), but known to be from the pen of a very able French official born in the island, M. Marbot, and racy with wit and local flavour.

A grammatical criticism on Mr. Thomas's work would not be interesting to the reader. It must, indeed, be observed that his acquaintance even with the mother-tongue of the Creole does not seem to be perfect; thus, at p. 51, we find him conjugating *aller* with *avoir* instead of *être*; "il *aurait* allé" instead of "il *serait*." He admits his acquaintance with Spanish—which in Trinidad is also a marked element in the Creole—to be "very limited," and hence, no doubt, the curious blunder of deriving *blankite* as a term of reproach to the pale-complexioned, from our "blanket," instead of from the Spanish *blanquito*, little white, whitening. What is still more to be regretted is that he seems to have taken no trouble whatever to separate the pure African element, or to trace one single word to a specific African source. It may be added, though this is certainly no good ground of moral reproach, that in several instances he appears to be quite unaware of the primitive obscene meanings, in European languages, of words which have crept into common use in Creole. Still, the work is, as a whole, correct and painstaking; it is clearly written, and likely to be of real use within its sphere.

The portion of the work which has more than a philological interest is contained in the concluding chapters of "idioms" and "proverbs." We subjoin a handful of these at random; the first is pretty well known already:—

"Cockroach is never in the right before the fowl."

"Shoes alone know if stockings have holes."

"Work is no evil; it is the eyes that are cowards."

"Words must die that men may live."

"Fat doesn't feel."

"Talk is the ears' food."

"Behind dog, it's dog; before dog, it's 'Mr. Dog.'"

"Glasses in mourning for their grandmother" [*i.e.*, very dirty].

"He is an apothecary's knife [*i.e.*, one that cuts both ways]."

It will be seen at once that the people

amongst whom such sayings are current must be a shrewd and observant race, not without depth of insight. Of course, the stamp of the days of slavery remains still strongly marked upon the language; thus, as Mr. Thomas points out, the cockroach is the well-known symbol of the negro, who could never be right before his master. The profound saying, "Words must die that men may live," brings up at once that terrible slave-world in which silence was too often the only safety for the slave, and almost his first duty towards his fellows.

But the saying, alas! applies to the very idiom in which it is expressed. *Patois* itself must "die, that men may live." Even Creole, with all its pretensions, has been swept away within the memory of living man from well nigh all Louisiana. With the advance of education it is losing itself again in French, it is retreating before English. Within the next century, probably, Mr. Thomas's work will only be a literary gravestone, commemorating its existence.

From The Spectator.

THE TOTAL ECLIPSE IN AMERICA.

It is rather a singular coincidence that this year, as last year, the session of the British Association should be in progress when news has arrived of the successful observation of a great Total Eclipse. Last year telegrams from Major Tennant and Lieutenant Herschel were placed in the hands of the President of the Mathematical Committee only a day or two after the occurrence of the great eclipse in India, and these telegrams announced the most important discovery which has been made in solar physics during the present century,—the revelation of the strange fact that the coloured prominences are vast tongues of flame. This year news of almost equal interest has been received, and again it concerns the coloured prominences, teaching us to look on these enormous flames as far more complex in structure than they had been thought to be.

It is a particularly fortunate circumstance, we may notice in passing, that the great eclipse of August 7 has been witnessed under favourable circumstances, for there will not be another total eclipse of the sun until the end of the year 1871, and then the duration of totality will be exceedingly short. After that, there will be no total eclipse till November, 1872, and this eclipse will be of no value at all, so far as observa-

tions to be made during totality are concerned, since the totality will not last more than a few seconds. Indeed, the eclipse will be of so singularly indefinite a character that astronomers cannot say for certain whether it will be total or annular. Probably it will begin as an annular eclipse, become total as the shadow sweeps rapidly across the earth's surface, and end as an annular eclipse again; the point of the moon's true shadow just reaching the protuberant part of the earth's illuminated hemisphere. Be this as it may, it is certain that there will be no possibility of observing the red prominences.

Thus, had it not been for the success with which, as we learn the American astronomers have been able to observe the important eclipse of August 7, our solar physicists would have been forced to content themselves for several years with the results of the eclipse-expeditions of last year. This would have been the more unfortunate because that was the first eclipse during which astronomers had been able to avail themselves of the power of their new ally, the spectroscope. Many questions of extreme importance have arisen during the past year as to the significance of several observations made in India in 1868; and astronomers looked with interest to the eclipse which has just taken place to resolve their difficulties.

The eclipse of August 7 was in many respects inferior to the great eclipse of August 18, 1868. In 1868 the moon's disc overlapped the sun (at the time of central eclipse) by an amount equal to nearly a thirtieth part of the sun's apparent diameter, and thus the totality lasted several minutes. This year the moon's overlap was about a fifth less, and the duration of totality was proportionately reduced. Still the eclipse was an important one, since it is comparatively seldom that even so near an approach is made to the exceptional magnitude of the great Indian eclipse. The recent eclipse, too, was characterized by certain very favourable features. The moon's shadow traversed a region of the earth's surface which was for the most part accessible to practical astronomers. The Americans had no occasion to undertake long and expensive journeys, since the eclipse visited them, so to speak, at their own doors. Some of the principal American observatories lay quite close to the line of central eclipse, others were not so far off but that large and powerful telescopes could readily be carried to some spot upon the central line. Then, again, the important processes of photography were not

interfered with, as in India, by the tremendous heat of the climate. Major Tennant mentioned last year that he had had great difficulties to encounter owing to this circumstance. The American astronomers, among whom are some of the most successful professors of celestial photography, were subject to no such annoyances.

Thus, when we learn that good weather prevailed at every place to which observing parties were sent, that photographs were successfully taken, and that spectroscopic observations were made by several astronomers, we may assure ourselves that a rich fund of knowledge has been stored up for the eclipseless years that are approaching. Our solar physicists will not be without ample food for study and research. Nor, indeed, is it unlikely that as the eclipse of 1868 suggested new modes of inquiry, which have been successfully put in practice by our spectroscopists, so this eclipse may be similarly fruitful, and thus, besides the mere facts it has revealed, may set astronomers in the way of acquiring other facts.

We cannot hope that the photographic pictures of the eclipsed sun will be enlarged and laid before the scientific world before several months have passed. It will be remembered that last year, Major Tennant judged, from the look of his photographs, that he had been unsuccessful, but he hoped "something might still be made of them." This was disheartening to those who had hoped for so much from the performance of the exquisite Newtownian reflector constructed for the expedition by Mr. Browning. But it turned out that the photographs were the best that had ever been taken during a solar eclipse, and under the skilful supervision of Mr. Warren de la Rue, the pictures of the eclipsed sun came out with singular clearness and beauty. As we write, we have before us a photograph enlarged from a portion of Major Tennant's, in which the largest of the prominences visible in 1863 is depicted without the intervention of any process of engraving. And it is impossible to look on the spiral convolutions of this great whorl of flame without feeling that there resides in these prominences a power of self-delineation by means of their chemical rays,*

* Mr. de la Rue was so impressed with the singular actinic power thus displayed by the prominences, as to be led to form the view that it might be possible to photograph the prominences without the aid of a solar eclipse. The Astronomer Royal had tried to render the prominences visible by receiving the sun's image in a dark room upon a card sheet with a circular aperture cut out of it, so that the light from the sun's globe passed through "and was quenched in a black bag." The plan failed, because the light from our atmosphere still remained, and

which must render their photographs infinitely more instructive than the best telescopic view we could obtain of them. We cannot but feel hopeful that the photographs which have recently been taken in America will be even more valuable than Major Tennant's, since they were taken under circumstances so much more favourable.

One result of the American observations is very interesting. Last year there was some discrepancy between the various observers of the spectra of the prominences, as to the position of those bright lines which indicate the character of the prominence-flames. So important was this discrepancy, that many were disposed to consider that the observers had seen different lines, and in this way some eight or nine lines seemed to have appeared in the prominence-spectrum. One observer, indeed, M. Rayet, announced that he had seen seven or eight lines. Now Jannsen (himself an observer of the eclipse) and Mr. J. Norman Lockyer, who independently discovered the fact that the bright lines of the prominences can be seen without an eclipse, have seen but three lines, two belonging to hydrogen, and the third near to but not coincident with the double bright line of the metal sodium. But all doubt was not removed by this circumstance, since it was held to be not only possible, but highly probable, that the fainter lines might escape a scrutiny made while the sun is blazing in full splendour: the peculiar selective power of the spectroscope availing to render the brighter lines visible, without necessarily exhibiting the fainter ones. Now, all doubt on this point has been set at rest, since Professor Winlock, who observed the eclipse at Stubbville, Kentucky, detected no less than eleven bright lines in the spectrum of a prominence. Doubtless, we shall soon learn what are the elements to which the new lines belong.

From The Spectator.

A TRIP TO THE SHETLANDS.

I.

THE far North of her Majesty's dominions are less known than any other part, except, perhaps, the west of Ireland. To the great mass of tourists and sportsmen whom summer skies and autumn game call to Scotland, the Caledonian Canal proves an

insufficed to blot out the prominences from view. But Mr. de la Rue thinks it not unlikely that the same plan might be applied successfully to obtain photographs of the prominences.

impassable bound; and these return without having trodden the soil of the true Caledonia—land of the “men of the woods”—at all. To the smaller number of adventurous spirits who do penetrate the forests of Caledonia and learn the existence of true Scots, speaking an unintelligible Gaelic tongue, it is equally unknown that there is land further north, in which they would find themselves more at home than the Gael,—land peopled by an English, rather than Lowland Scotch-speaking race, and ending in a grand coast-line from John o' Groat's to Cape Wrath. Less still is the important and populous group of the Orkneys, or the much more distant group of the Shetlands, borne in mind by people who think they have “done” Scotland by reaching Inverness, the northern end of the Caledonian Canal. Yet from Carlisle, at the southern end of Scotland, to Inverness, only two and a half degrees of latitude are traversed, and there are all but three and a half more to pass over to attain to the northernmost point of Shetland. The distance of the latter, as the crow flies, is, from London, 650, and from Brighton (which gives the extreme length along the meridian), 700 miles. It is therefore, perhaps, no wonder that these outlying islands are so little known, except as names upon the map; the more so as Caithness, which seems the natural stepping-stone to them, is not the most attractive of Scotch counties. The broad sea too, (50 miles of open ocean), which separates the most northerly Orkneys from the most southern Shetlands, and the still greater distance of 110 miles between their respective capitals, keep the Shetlanders very free from the intrusion of inquisitive strangers. And this very fact enhanced the curiosity I felt about them, and decided me to see who and what they were.

The journey proved a very easy and ordinary affair. At Aberdeen I stepped into a splendid steamship, with a fine saloon on deck, a spacious deck above it, and comfortable, well-ventilated berths below, prepared as carefully as if for a voyage across the Atlantic, and bearing a happy omen in her name—the *St. Magnus*; recalling the great and wise Saint of Orkney, brother to one of the Norse Earls of those islands. The ship had come from Edinburgh, but it suited my convenience to embark at Aberdeen. She started at 6 p.m., and (after a short halt at Wick in the early morning) passing safely through the tossing waves and meeting currents of the Pentland Firth, reached the capacious bay of Kirkwall at 9 a.m. Starting again at 11

a.m., she passed northwards out of the peaceful grass-lined harbour, and wound her way among the smaller islands (wh re now one, now another course is taken) under Gairsa, and between Eda and Sanda and past North Ronaldsha into the open sea again. The islands differ greatly in height; Rowsa and Eda are hilly and bold in the interior. The coast is similarly diversified, some parts having beautiful sandy beaches, on which the fresh blue waves gently rolled without breaking, on the brilliant day on which I saw them. More frequently the coast-lines were rocky and even precipitous, and then the waves broke into dazzling white foam, which recoiled in spray visible miles off.

No sooner had the vessel left the Orkneys behind and reached the open sea again, than Fair Island was discerned on the right, in that dreamy violet hue which distance over the sea imparts under a brilliant sun. Foula Island, smaller and more distant, appeared tinged with deeper hues on the left. As we advanced, and came much nearer to Fair Island, I was struck with the resemblance of the scene to one of the most lovely in the Mediterranean, — Fair Island being my Capri, Foula being Ischia, and the brilliant blue sea with breakers of sparkling white quite worthy of comparison with Neapolitan waters. The shape of the islands, both of which are very high and precipitous, and have a jagged summit with several points, formed one striking element of resemblance. In this lovely light, and on this playful ocean, it was difficult to realize the dangers to which these rocky islands are exposed. Foula, although well peopled with men and sea birds, is but rarely visited from the other islands. Fair Island, which is much larger, is not so thickly peopled, and is even more difficult of access, the coast being generally so precipitous as only to allow approach, when the sea is ruffled, in one or two places. It attained a sad notoriety a few years ago, when a German emigrant ship in a winter gale was thrown into a fearful chasm on its coast, where no help could be rendered from the sea, which was raging, nor from the land, which was many hundred feet above; and nearly 500 persons perished in that fearful night. A more illustrious shipwreck is said by Shetland tradition — which I leave to Mr. Froude to confirm or condemn — to have taken place on the same coast in the year 1588. The chief vessel of the Spanish Armada — that of the Duke of Medina Sidonia himself — was wrecked, and the crew had to winter there, and wait till the proprietor could take them in his own

vessel to Dunkirk. To this visit is attributed the peculiar style of the articles knitted in Shetland wool in Fair Island, and nowhere else in Shetland. The various and brilliant colours in which the Spaniards delight are here imitated in duller tone by dyes derived from native herbs, each article having a complex and particoloured pattern. It should also be noted that here, as generally among the descendants of Norsemen, "Fair" means *sheep*, and not *beautiful*. Another appropriate example is found in Fairfield, *sheep-mountain*, above Ambleside, whose grassy slopes and summits make it pre-eminently a sheep-walk, while in beauty it is surpassed by many of its neighbours. The position of Fair Island makes it sufficiently lonely. It is about 25 miles from the nearest point of the Shetland Mainland; Foula is rather less.

As these islands receded, two grand headlands appeared in front, at first isolated, but afterwards seen to be joined by lower land between. That to the left was much the higher, and appeared a mountain of considerable size; it was black and gloomy, and cast its hue upon the sea beneath it. This was Fitful Head, whose caverned end was the abode of Norna, of "The Pirate." The headland to the right was lower, but more precipitous. The sun shone brightly upon it and gave it a brilliant sandy colour. Strata, rounded by waves and storms, were visible on its front, and patches of grass clung wherever there was room. Its summit was rounded, and had none of the dread aspect of its neighbour. This was Sumburgh Head, the southernmost point of the mainland of Shetland. Readers of Sir Walter Scott's *Pirate* will remember how the two Mertouns sallied forth from their ancient abode of Jarlshof at the back of the Head, after a great gale, to witness from thence the state of the sea, and how the son descried the figure of a man struggling with the waters, and by climbing down the fearful precipice, came near and succeeded in saving Captain Cleveland, the pirate. Even on the placid day when I passed, the waters were troubled for a considerable distance from the Head. This current is very strong, and demands careful navigation; it is called the "Sumburgh Roost," and is well described by Scott. It was the chief and a serious impediment to communication with the Shetlands before the days of steam. In a powerful steamer there is generally no risk at all, — our pace was not slackened, nor our direction sensibly altered by it; but in the winter storms even the steamers do not like this part of the passage.

Sumburgh Head once passed, the steamer coasts under the land all the way to Lerwick, about twenty-two miles. Sumburgh remained long in sight, and was equally striking from the back, where also Fitful Head towered up and presented a new aspect. The coast then grew lower, but all the promontories were of hard black rock, caverned and shattered into striking forms overhanging lovely inlets of deep blue water. We passed through the narrow channel between the small island of Mousa and Mainland.

This, which I afterwards had an opportunity of seeing at my leisure from the land, is a most picturesque scene, from which, within a circuit of one or two miles, an artist might take a dozen most effective sketches. Mousa is a grassy island, with low black rocks, but no precipices. But one object it possesses which is both picturesque and archaeologically most interesting. This is the so-called *Broch* of Mousa; it is the most perfect existing specimen of the curious towers called "*Pechts*" [*Picts*'] *Houses*." I will not forget my pleasant function so far as to reopen the ancient (and as far as I know still unsettled) question of the origin of the Picts. Whoever they were, here they seem to have been, for they have left us these extraordinary records, the ancient nomenclature of which is not likely to have been erroneous. I observe, in passing, that the *Pentland Firth* also witnesses to their presence in the islands of Orkney at least; for *Pentland* is merely an unmeaning modern corruption of *Pechtland*, which form is used in 1633. The Picts' Houses are found all round the Shetland coasts; they usually stand on a promontory, or on an elevation which commands a view of the sea in both directions. They are perfectly circular, diminishing in diameter upwards to a certain point, but then bulging out again slightly to the top, thus resembling a dice-box. The whole height, however, is only about equal to the diameter. They are built of loose unhewn stones, hence presumably by a people without iron or the use of lime as mortar. The stones are mainly broad and

flat, the interstices being filled up by smaller ones. It is not surprising that the top of most of these towers, so built, has altogether fallen away, and that of many only the basement remains. Within the outer circular wall is another concentric with it, leaving about three feet distance between them, which is filled by a stair leading to the summit. There is no opening whatever in the outer wall. The inner has occasional apertures to light the stair. The entire inner space is open to the sky, and bears no sign of having been covered or built in or over. The fact of these towers always commanding a sea view and being built close to the shore, taken in connection with what has been stated of their construction, suggests that they must have been built by inhabitants who had cause to fear invasion from the sea, and had frequent occasion to collect people, cattle, and possessions into a place of defence at a very short notice. The fighting men would not shut themselves in these blind towers, which afforded no means of offence; they would defend their coasts in the open country. The towers are manifestly of a far earlier antiquity than the settlement of the islands by the Scandinavians; and of any earlier population these towers are probably the sole evidence. Neither the Highland Scotch nor the Anglo-Saxon lowlanders ever penetrated so far as the Shetlands; and the Scandinavian accounts say nothing distinct of any earlier inhabitants. Hence the great historical importance attaching to these "*Picts*' Houses."

The steamer left no time for these profound investigations, but darted past the tower, and is by this time nearly at Lerwick. A high hill has long been visible directly in front. This is the island of Bressay, which, lying in a lunar form opposite Lerwick, gives to the town the advantage of a capacious harbour, open at both ends, and yet sheltered from every wind. Then the shipping and then the town, literally rising from the waters, attracted our notice. My impressions of Lerwick must be reserved for a future letter.

VIKING.

THE ADVANCE: This journal, which Dr. BUSHNELL pronounces "one of the ablest, best, and most outspoken religious papers now published," enters upon its third volume this week, and celebrates the event by several marked improvements. It appears in a new dress of type, begins the regular publication of Rev. Henry Ward Beecher's sermons, and adds several new names to its list of contributors, among them

that of Hon. Henry Wilson of Massachusetts, who in the current number discusses the problem of Chinese immigration from the standpoint of Christian statesmanship. The publication of Beecher's sermons in the *Advance* will prove an admirable feature of an already admirable paper, and attract many readers. The *Advance* is published at \$2.50 per year by THE ADVANCE COMPANY, 25 Lombard Block, Chicago.

From The Spectator.
THE MISSISSIPPI VALLEY.*

YET there is room. Perhaps more than half the interest with which books like the one before us are read, takes its rise from this source, the bracing effect of this one fact. We, in our crowded cities, with their huddled mass of humanity, stowed away in half-lighted alleys or jostling each other roughly in the race for bread, may sit at home, and, for that imagination is often remedy as well as disease, may drink in new vigour by meditating only on vast forests where the foot of man has never trod, prairies rich in soil which hardly needs the plough, and unworked mines of unknown wealth waiting only the labourer's hand. It is because it supplies substantial food for such hungering thought as this, that the book before us is invested with an interest it might not at first sight seem to possess. It will well repay careful reading. There is nothing so poetical as fact, and spite of the bare and rugged style in which the author has chosen to cut his somewhat bulky body of facts into pieces, and arrange them again like pages in a student's manual or a geographical epitome for the use of crammers, there yet remains all the force and almost magical influence of the facts themselves.

Railroads are wont to be wearisome subjects, connected most intimately in our minds with the price of shares and the rise or fall of dividends; but a railroad from Omaha to Sacramento, or from Lake Superior to the valley of the Columbia, is quite another thing, and our muscles mental and physical are strengthened as we read of difficulties undertaken or already overcome, such as would have been declined by the geni of any Arabian tale. We have before us a brief description of the traveller's onward journey, as starting from Sacramento in June, he finds himself in a few hours suddenly transported from a valley clothed with a semi-tropical vegetation to the cold bleakness of a temperature like that of Greenland. At one point "the Sierra Nevada looming up like a great cloud bank, the snow-fields on the summit flashing in the morning sun with opalescent hues, then lost to view as the cars wind round a projecting promontory; and far down is seen, like a silver thread, the foaming torrent of some branch of the American river. Still upward the engine climbs, till some 4,500 feet above the sea the traveller finds himself on a track cut through the solid

rock, one tunnel alone 1,659 feet in length, and everywhere around in the vast desolate region deep snow-banks, glacier-like torrents, and stalactites of ice." It would be easy to follow the details of lines of road constructed through territories rich in yet unclaimed mineral wealth, but it would occupy too much of our space. Among the points touched by our author in this most full description of the Mississippi Valley, one by no means the least interesting is the "typical forms of vegetation." We can only quote one passage on the cypress, "which is first seen near the mouth of the Ohio, and is always found on land subject to overflow. From a protuberance at the surface, a shaft rises straight to the height of sixty or eighty feet, without a limb, when it throws out numerous branches, umbrella-shaped, which sustain a foliage of short, fine, tufted leaves, of a green so deep as to appear almost brown. They grow so close together, that their branches interlock; and hence a cypress forest resembles a mass of verdure sustained in the air by tall perpendicular columns. From their branches depend long festoons of moss, which sway to and fro in the wind, like so many shrouds, — communicating to the scene the most dismal aspect. Arranged around the parent stem are numerous cone-shaped protuberances, known as 'cypress knees,' which enable the roots of the tree to communicate with the air; a provision of nature which is essential to its vitality." It is one of the most useful of the Southern lumber trees, its straight columns, free from knots and easily wrought, being most valuable for boards, &c. In the vast swamps the magnolia and river-oak find a congenial home, and vegetation flourishes in rank luxuriance in an atmosphere fatal to all the higher forms of life. But it is in the chapter on "Zones of Vegetation" we have the fullest details of the capacities of the great valley. Mr. Foster divides North America into five zones, the results of the influence of climate: —

1. The region of Mosses and Saxifrages.
2. The Densely-wooded Region.
3. Alternate Wood and Prairie.
4. Vast Grassy Plains, where the Trees are restricted to the immediate Banks of the Streams.
5. Vast Arid Plains, often bare of Vegetation, and covered to some extent with Saline Effluences.

The great point he insists upon in considering these zones is, in how much greater a degree the forms of vegetable life are determined by moisture than even by temperature, or the mechanical and chemical

* *The Mississippi Valley*. By T. W. Foster, LL.D. London: Trubner and Co. 1869.

composition of the soil, the white pine, the most useful of all American trees and the monarch of its forests, taking root in a soil which contains two per cent. of organic matter. But the extreme range of climatic conditions, both as to temperature and moisture, renders the Valley of the Mississippi capable of bearing an almost inexhaustible supply of food-producing plants, the tropical elements in the American summer, as Mr. Foster observes, enabling the peach and apple to ripen, the Indian corn and tobacco plant to mature, in a way they will not do in England, though the mean temperature of the year here be considerably higher. And he goes on to trace the effects on the soil caused by subjacent formation, and on the effects of transplantation, Indian corn, for instance, exhibiting for every few degrees of latitude a different variety; and we have a sketch of the principal plants cultivated in the great valley, with the unconscious influence which their cultivation may have on the population, as, for instance, in the case of maize, to which as an indirect cause he ascribes, not without some justice, much of the ancient civilization of Peru, the ease and cheapness with which they obtained food from this plant leaving them so much surplus labour to expend on the structures which excited the admiration of their Spanish conquerors, but that this would be by no means a universally just deduction it would be superfluous to prove. Still, it is not a small thing that in a considerable portion of a land where human energy is likely to have its severest strain in other directions, the labour of procuring mere sustenance should be comparatively light. Where the rivers to be bridged are as wide as seas, and tunnels miles in length must be cut through solid rocks, it is well that "a man and a boy should be more than equal to the tending of forty acres of maize, to be harvested at leisure." This plant attains its full perfection in the region between the isotherms 72° and 77°, which includes the central and southern portions of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, and Iowa, nearly all Kentucky, Tennessee, Missouri, and Kansas, and the great plains north and south between the Canadian source of the Missouri; and Mr. Foster ascribes the great geographical range of this plant in the United States to the virgin soil, rich in nitrogen, on which it grows, and to the intense heat of the summers; while on the far less favoured soils of Utah and Colorado abundant wheat crops are produced, the aridity of the soil yielding to the splendid irrigation. We find in a sketch given of the cotton plant a confirmation of some of

the philosophical deductions made years ago by De Tocqueville when studying it in its connection with the slave trade, deductions which have now the weight of fulfilled prophecies. Mr. Foster states that, so far as the sanitary conditions of soil and climate are concerned, there is nothing to prevent the cultivation of cotton by free labour. We have some interesting notes on grasses found in the prairies east of the Mississippi. Those indigenous to the soil are being supplanted, first, by white clover, which in turn gives way to the Kentucky blue grass (*poa compressa*). "The native grasses are retreating before the cultivated grasses, as the red man retreats before the white man. Wherever a wagon-track is made or path beaten, the white clover comes in; wherever a track is appropriated to pasturage, the blue grass becomes dominant."

That these vast prairies have been redeemed and rendered profitable farms is one, and not by any means the least, of the triumphs won by the iron horse; in traversing the apparently illimitable prairie with the connecting rails, stations grew up along the line, and the pioneer's work was done. Things get themselves accomplished quickly in America, but the rapid working of Anglo-Saxon effort, which within two centuries planted cities like New York and Montreal, on sites rescued from the forest and the wild Indian, has been slow when compared with the rapid colonization of the States which occupy the upper valley of the Mississippi. In 1778, within the memory of living men, writes Mr. Foster, —

"The first colonists of English extraction, under the leadership of Rufus Putnam, entered this region, and established themselves at Marietta, where the Muskingum unites with the Ohio. This was the origin of that colonization which, in ninety years, has peopled this region with more than twelve millions of souls; has subdued and brought under cultivation an area nearly twice as great as the cultivated land of England; has connected together the principal commercial points by a network of railroads more than 12,000 miles in extent, and has built up a domestic industry whose annual value is in excess of 800,000,000 dollars, giving origin to an internal trade far greater than the external trade of the whole country."

Mr. Foster believes he has abundant evidence to prove the former existence in the Mississippi Valley of a race long since passed away, who enjoyed a far higher degree of civilization and different manners and customs from those traceable in the tribes who occupied the country when it first became known to Europeans. He says the

geologist and the antiquary have agreed that the abundant monuments in the form of high circular mounds, parallel roads, and far-reaching embankments are not, as had been thought, the result of the singular yet, as it were, chance work of Nature, but the evidences of human skill. If so, probably much more remains to be discovered, and the field of inquiry in this direction seems likely to prove fruitful.

Our author believes great areas of the prairie region now deemed too arid for cultivation are as well watered and possess as productive a soil as those regions round the Mediterranean which were formerly sites of mighty cities in the midst of a densely populated country, and suggests that if the desolation of those regions was brought about by the agency of man, whether it be not in the power of the same agency to restore their fruitfulness; in answer to which inquiry we have some valuable observations from Mr. G. P. Marsh on the present physical condition of the countries bordering the Mediterranean, and see in their present desolation, quite apart from all the moral evil which helped their ruin, the stern retributive justice of Nature, not without its warning to the eager builders of the large cities in the great valley. The ruthless and indiscriminating destruction of forest and trees generally has worked

more mischievous effects than we have opportunity now to detail: those who are interested in the subject will find these pages give much useful practical information, and furnish abundant material for thought. It may be necessary for the restless, eager settlers of the United States, over-eager to make forests disappear before the rising city or widening farm, to take counsel in due time. The information contained in this volume is presented in so highly concentrated a form, it is somewhat difficult to analyze any portion of it without feeling how much is left untouched; if we turn from the vegetable to the mineral kingdom, we are met with the same sense of almost inexhaustible wealth. Here, in this great valley at least, there is iron enough and to spare even for an age of iron. The chapters devoted to geological research are among the ablest in the book. We commend it to the attention of those whose minds may be injured by studying the American through the minifying glasses of political or intellectual antipathy; they will scarcely realize the simple facts of the physical aspect of this enormous territory with the results already attained before them in hard figures, without a new sense of the capacities of the subduer and the subdued.

THE CHINESE IN AMERICA.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE SPECTATOR.]

SIR,—Will you allow me, as one who knows something of the question, and takes great interest in it, to say a word on your paragraph respecting the proposed introduction of Chinese into the Southern United States?

In the success of this movement lies, I verily believe, the one only hope of relief of our Lancashire cotton trade from the weight which has oppressed it ever since the commencement of the American Civil War. The negroes now number not two-thirds of what they did before that time,—they are, from various causes, some well known, but not to be described, dying out, slowly but surely there; they *wont* work to anything like the extent as free men they did when in slavery (the women will not work in the cotton-fields at all now, as a rule), and it is an almost universally accepted fact that the present

capacity for harvesting is limited to about such a crop as the very reduced one grown during the last two years, and, so far as negroes are concerned, this will be further reduced every year.

White labour will never grow a cotton crop in the climate of the Southern United States, and, if we are ever again to have an adequate supply of that growth (for no other country has yet produced a satisfactory substitute), I believe we must look to the Chinese labourer for it. You say he will require high wages. The American cotton-planter can afford to pay them, and scarcely any greater benefit could be bestowed on Lancashire and on the multitudes in many directions who are pining for cheap and abundant cotton, than to facilitate the immigration of a million of these yellow boys, who have proved themselves such capital labourers in kindred climates.—I am, Sir, &c.,

COTTON BROKER.

Liverpool, Aug. 9, 1869.

From The Spectator.
THE WORKING-CLASSES IN THE UNITED STATES.

BY ROBERT CONINGSBY.

No. II.

THE study of the three R's over, the young workman in America enters the great school of life, where his education is continued by the three P's—the press, the platform, and the pulpit. I think the labourer in the United States reads more, and listens to more lectures, speeches, and sermons, than his English friend. Newspapers are more plentiful, and, as newspapers, I think more complete, in the States than they are here, and the general level of American oratory appears to me to be higher than English, whether we judge it by the “stump,” the dais, or the preacher's desk.

The poorest man not only regularly reads, but regularly buys a newspaper in America. It is considered mean to systematically borrow an article which can be bought for a trifling sum. If a man in an American workshop were to say that he had not had time to look at a newspaper for some days, he would probably be regarded with curiosity, if not with contempt; the affairs of the nation in the United States being held to be everybody's business,—business which John has no more right than his “boss” to neglect.

The chief matter in which American journals surpass ours is in the quality of their telegraphic intelligence. Whole columns of news are supplied daily, after the manner of our Parliamentary reports, concerning events which have happened the day before in the remotest parts of the Union and abroad. Our cousins seem to have long since used electricity as commonly as we have gas; it is laid on everywhere for the mental enlightenment of the citizens. Between four and five thousand stations are scattered up and down the States, and serve as so many newsmeters from which the editors of each district draw the information to supply to every household. In the early summer mornings in New York city, a large block of ice and a newspaper may be seen lying at almost every door; a sight which gave rise to the cynical remark of an English friend of mine, that the one is supplied to counteract the effects of the other. Every occurrence of interest is thought worthy of transmission along the wires, of which there are, without reckoning the 280 cables, upwards of a hundred thousand miles in use. While I was in Boston an omnibus accident of a novel character happened in the Tot-

tenham Court Road, London, and I read the account of it over my coffee the next morning, as did others all over the great continent. New York saw it by the side of prices in Wall Street; Chicago turned momentarily from the contemplation of her marble stores and grain elevators; and San Francisco from the blue Pacific, to sympathize with a 'bussful of people who had been injured the night before near Oxford Street! With true Republican impartiality, telegraphic intelligence is supplied to small and large cities alike. A few dozen log shanties no sooner lift their heads in the wilderness, than straightway the inhabitants of Jonesopolis demand to be informed of the doings of their servants in Washington, and friends in the rest of the world. A spirited Jonesopolean responds with the establishment of a daily *Eagle*, which said bird is henceforth duly fed with lightning from head-quarters, by an arrangement entered into with one of three great Press Associations—the “Associated Press,” the “Southern Press Association,” and the “Western Association”—each of which exchanges news with the other two. Besides the universal use of the telegraph for the newspapers, I believe it is more resorted to in the transaction of private business than among us. I cannot recall to mind any workman in England who has risen to the dignity of sending or receiving telegrams, but I found several in America who spoke of the wire with as much familiarity as we do of the penny post.

But there is a dark side to American journalism, as well as a bright one. News is collected and arranged with almost faultless execution, and if men would only give themselves time to think, there is splendid raw material provided for them. When, however, we come to the aids to digestion in the shape of comment upon the facts presented, we find the gulf between the English and American presses a very wide one. I think it must be admitted that, as compared with ours, the best American journalists are wanting in literary ability, the second-best in candour and moderation, and the worst—it hardly too much to say—would be in their element here only in our gaols. Nothing can excel the devilish ingenuity displayed by some of the writers and engravers of certain weekly prints in poisoning the morals of the people. I am, however, of opinion that the working-class is not so much the prey of these blow-flies as, from various causes it would be here, nor as the class immediately above it is in the States. Clerks, shopmen, and the large body of men who everywhere affect to be

the aristocracy of labour, are, I am afraid, the chief supporters of these abominable publications, if we except the ignorant and vicious portion of the foreign labouring class. I may say, in passing, that immorality in its grossest forms appears to prevail among the members of the body just alluded to. Too many of them in their talk and actions affect the morals of the most abandoned Frenchmen, without possessing a spark of the vivacity which seems to redeem filth, if it does not.

The number of American journals is beyond all calculation. As one instance of the way they spring up, I will give the case of Cheyenne, a settlement of some 4,000 people, on the Union Pacific Railroad, near the summit of the Rocky Mountains. Ten months before I visited it, seven log huts formed the town. When I was there it was "quite a place," with chapels, concert-halls, stores, a bank, three daily and four weekly newspapers!

Next in importance to the newspaper as a public instructor stands the lecturer and political speaker, both of them personages more frequently met with in America than here. I had a notion before leaving England that Americans were great talkers, I now believe them to be the most taciturn of peoples. Their great forte is listening! they are the best listeners in the world, and those among them who can speak perhaps the best speakers, which accords with the known laws of supply and demand. Nothing can exceed the desire of the average American to be talked to. He would appear to find speaking such trouble, that he is full of gratitude to those who do it for him well. He will walk any distance to listen to a good speech, or to assist at a grand "pow-wow!" In common with most Englishmen who get their ideas of Americans from caricatures drawn of them by themselves and others, I promised myself a rich treat in the "highfalutation" line when I first attended a political meeting in America. As speaker after speaker, however, addressed the audience in tolerably direct and forcible language, with just the same faults as would have characterized English speeches only fewer of them, I began to think that I had accidentally alighted on an exceptionally favourable set of orators. I found afterwards that it was the same everywhere. I attended meetings in all sorts of places, from the Cooper Institute in New York, to the theatre in Omaha, from Boston Common, Massachusetts, to Last Chance Gulf, in the Black Hills of Wyoming, and I am of opinion that the average American public speaker is a more eloquent man, and not

one whit more given to buncombe, than the average public speaker in England. There is a slightly different sort of claptrap used, that is all. I have heard plenty of stuff talked to "working-men" by people who ought to have known better, and much Columbian philistinism. I was frequently told that America was a heaven upon earth, and her institutions the direct result of inspiration from above; that Europe was benighted, and England very black indeed; and that the eyes of all the world were never taken off the people of the United States. But I have heard these things in other forms at meetings of my own countrymen.

There is one novelty in English eyes — or rather ears — connected with American political oratory which deserves notice, namely, the fact that it is often heralded and followed by music. It sounds curious enough to Englishmen at an indignation or electioneering meeting, to hear glees and comic catches sung between the solemn appeals of the speakers; but I am not sure that it does not tend to soften the asperities of party warfare. The effect too, of a well-trained band taking up, as it were, the closing words of an eloquent peroration, and continuing them through the strains of a national hymn, is often exceedingly good. One is reminded of the tragic and comic flute accompaniments of the ancients, as the "Star-Spangled Banner" and "Match him, if you can," alternately salute ears still tingling from the effects of passionate declamation. Sometimes the whole audience will take up the chorus of a well-known "campaign song," such as, "Rally round Ulysses," which was a great favourite all through the West while I was there.

"Let us rally again round these chivalrous men,

Ulysses the tanner and Schuyler the printer.
And fight it out here on the old Union line,
If it takes us all summer and winter."

Most working-men in the United States are strong politicians, and members of political clubs which, during times of excitement, furnish their quota to swell the ranks of enormous processions, by day or torch-light; for the rival parties, Republicans and Democrats, continually try to out-procession, flag-raise, and brass-band each other. The most remarkable thing about these rival demonstrations is the good order which, in spite of the excitement of both parties, almost always prevails. Toleration for all diversity of opinion is a marked characteristic of American working-men. Recruited as their body is, from the ranks

of those who have suffered so bitterly from intolerance abroad, they seem to possess the very instinct of toleration. Omaha was a border city, and full of roughs when I was there; I was therefore recommended by certain Republican friends to take a "Colt" with me when I attended the Democrats' "pow-wow." I did so, but there was not the slightest occasion for its use, either there or at the rival meeting, although in beer-saloon brawls the reports of fire-arms could be heard every night. All sorts of attractions are openly advertised by the promoters of these party meetings, with the object of getting working-men to "attend in their thousands," nothing being dreaded so much as the taunt in rival newspapers that their "pow-wow" was a "fizzle,"—i.e., that very few people could be got to attend. Fireworks and flags, comic minstrelsy and the electric light, are all pressed into the service and made the most of in the bills. At a large meeting at the Cooper Institute I remember hearing the chairman gravely announce that the committee had provided some beautiful fireworks for their friends' amusement, but he regretted to say that some miscreant from the other side had stolen them.

The pulpit, as well as the press and platform, has I think, more influence over the working-men in America than here. During my journey I made the acquaintance of a much larger number of "pious" workmen, especially among native-born Americans, than I think it would be possible to do in the same time in England. There was apparent everywhere an assumption that Christian doctrines were true. Among the boarders at one house might be Tunker Baptists, Episcopalians, Roman Catholics, and Universalists; but a respectable minority, if not the majority, would be tolerably sure to belong to some religious body. In England, in any chance assembly of labourers, the majority would certainly not be acknowledged members of any Christian congregation whatever. Lord Palmerston, in the House of Commons, defending the question in the census-papers as to people's religion, declared, amidst loud laughter, that no man would be asked what his religious belief was, but merely what he *professed*. The bulk of English mechanics are scarcely even Palmerstonian professors. I much doubt whether any railway company here would find it to their interest to bait a cheap excursion to a meeting with the grim announcement I once saw placarded about New York, that "Passengers can hear two sermons and return the same day." As this must necessarily be a brief summary, I will only

give one out of several instances of this apparent piety of American labourers which came under my notice. I was in a car on the Union Pacific Railway with a large number of soldiers and working-men of different callings, from all parts of the Union. They were bound, the former for the different forts along the line, and the labourers for the Company's new workshops at Cheyenne and Laramie. They were a rough-looking lot, as borderers mostly are, every man of them being armed to the teeth, as it is necessary to be when Indians, both red and white, are upon the war-path, and lives and pockets may at any moment depend upon a quick load and clean shoot. It was early morning, and several of my fellow-passengers were amusing themselves as the train rattled along, shooting prairie dogs with rifle and revolver from the carriage windows. Besides the workmen, there were several excursionists, and I was exchanging morning salutations with some of these who had left the sleeping car later than I had, when one of the party (a quiet-looking gentleman who kept a store in Chicago) rose, and addressing all present, said, "Silence, if you please, ladies and gentlemen, for the Word of God." Instantly, every rough head was uncovered, every rifle dropped into its place, and revolver belted, as the quiet-looking man proceeded to read a few verses from the Bible, appropriately selected for our position as travellers. The conductor, who just then entered the car to look at our tickets, removed his cap and took the nearest seat, and everybody was as orderly and reverent as if the car had been a church. The reading over, another of the excursionists prayed for about ten minutes, in plain simple language, in which any man could have mentally joined, whether Christian or Hindoo, so long as he believed in the existence of a God. After the prayer, a hymn,—which I noticed most of those present were able to join in,—was sung, and the service came to an end. Such a scene would have been impossible in England, but nobody appeared to think it an out-of-the-way proceeding in America. I scanned the faces of my fellow-worshippers to see if I could detect an irreverent smile or sheepish look, such as would certainly have been observable under similar circumstances at home, but every man, soldier and civilian alike, looked dignified and grave.

The number of churches and chapels is, I think, greater in America than in England. One seems to encounter them at every turn. I find that in 1860 there were 54,009, altogether capable of seating 18,914,576 persons. The Methodists are the most nu-

merous, next to them the Baptists, these two bodies between them having seat accommodations for upwards of ten millions of worshippers. The Presbyterians come next, and the Episcopalians fourth on the list.

As for the numerous sects and fantastic faiths so commonly supposed to be peculiar to America, I believe there is very little difference between England and the United States in this respect. Mormonism, for instance, finds very few recruits in America. Shakers are no more remarkable, but infinitely more respectable, than our Agape-monites; and so on, to the end of the chapter. Religious bodies occupy more room in America than here, because there is more room to be occupied, and so frequently appear to merit more notice than from their numbers they deserve.

There is much street preaching, both in the open air and in tents. Young men's Christian associations, home and foreign missions, prayer and tea meetings, and Sunday-schools flourish just as they do here. Of the latter, there is one in Cincinnati, with an average attendance of 1,500 children, under the charge of sixty teachers. As I said before, I think the result of all this religious teaching is that the working-class in America is more "religious" than our own. I do not mean to say that in America the majority of the poor are "religious;" scepticism is, doubtless, spreading there as in Europe, but I do think that

Americans have a greater right than we to the title of "Christian people." If one goes a step higher than the working-class, and takes what, for convenience' sake, may be called the middle-class, the balance between the two nations in this, as in other matters to be referred to hereafter, would possibly come near to being redressed. In all the great cities of the Eastern, Western, and Middle States, Sunday is kept more as it is in Scotland than in England; and the sale of beer and spirits is in most places prohibited during the whole day.

The clergy seem to be in every way in closer communion with the laity than among us, being less regarded as a class set apart than as everybody's friends and relations. The following paragraph refers to a very general custom of giving ministers presents, sometimes called holding a "Ball" from the manner in which the congregation swarm the parsonage on these occasions:—

"The pastor of the Camden, N. Y., Church, organized less than a year ago, writes with lively emotions of gratitude of his congregation's delicate and liberal attention to his wants. *When he passed from the intermediate state of boarding to the full realization of housekeeping, 'cellar and larder were found stocked as if by magic.'* Shortly after he had a surprise tin wedding."

I think the part of the sentence I have italicized about the prettiest way of saying "he got married" I have ever seen.

The Three Fountains, with other Verses. By the author of "The Afterglow." (Longmans.) — The author calls his principal poem a "faëry epic." It is written with some power, especially power of description, but there is scarcely sufficient mastery of versification. The occurrence of words obviously introduced for the sake of the rhyme is a frequent cause of offence. But the greatest blemish is the humorous element, the writer continually mistaking the hideous for the grotesque. The episode of the dragoness, of whom we are told that "her nose was vivid green, her bashful eyes were scarlet," is an instance in point. On the whole, we prefer the shorter poems. Here is a pretty little song:—

"Citron-shaded by the fountain,
Weeping, weeping, sits Lill;
For Yacoub is on the mountain,

Which o'erhangs the purple sea;
And there's war upon the mountain,
All above the purple sea.

"Every sound suggests a battle,
As the land wind sinks and swells,
Though 'tis but an infant's rattle,
And the tinkling of the bells;
'Hush! O nurse, oh hush the rattle.
And the tinkling of the bells.'

"Yet the silence is depressing,—
'Tis the silence of the dead;
And she clasps her babe, caressing
Glowing cheek and golden head!
'Ah! that I were now caressing
His dear cheek and golden head!

"Yet though my dear love be missing,
Here I hold his counter-part!
'Mid her weeping and her kissing,
A swift footstep makes her start;
Oh the weeping and the kissing,
As he clasps her to his heart!"

Spectator.

From The Times.

MR. BOUCICAULT AND FORMOSA.

MR. DION BOUCICAULT writes to the *Times* as follows: "On reading the admirable letter of your correspondent 'An Amateur Critic,' I recognized many errors in my play *Formosa*, and at once set about correcting them. The catastrophe has been amended according to his suggestion, but some faults were found to be too radical to admit of repair, so I left them with regret, to disfigure the work. I present my cheerful acknowledgments to your correspondent, to whose sound judgment and good advice I bow very gratefully. He must permit me, however, to demur to some of his charges, especially the imputation of immorality. He says the subject of *Formosa* is 'unsavoury'—that no one will venture to take an unmarried daughter or relation to witness such a play—that such scenes are not proper pictures for a young and innocent female to contemplate—that if this sort of thing goes on a respectable father before taking his children to the theatre will anxiously examine the playbill to ascertain that no offensive scenes of the *Formosa* kind form part of the entertainment. He then invokes the purity of the English stage, upon the chastity of which I have, not to put too fine a point upon it, committed an indecent assault. Your correspondent, you see, handles me without the gloves, and you must pardon me if, in this my reply, I take him and the subject in hand, in his own honest fashion, and if, to quote his own expression, I call a spade a spade. I presume him to be a gentleman of good family, probably the father of a numerous one; of generous and impulsive nature, a social conservative, nice, but not over fastidious. Does he take in the *Times*? Does he leave your journal on his breakfast table, within reach of his family circle? When he goes to his club is that daily bread of literature to be found in the hands of his children? Before so leaving it does he anxiously examine the columns devoted to reports of the Divorce Court and the sensation trials for adultery? The police cases are a standing dish that cannot be called 'savoury' in the sense your correspondent uses the term. Does he expurgate the *Times* before it goes into the hands of his young girls? He invokes the purity of the stage. I accept the imputation of a virtue we rarely find ourselves called upon to acknowledge; but can the theatre be of such rare purity that scenes represented there are abomination to the spectator, which, described in nude language in your columns, are free from cen-

sure and fit for the digestion of the innocent and the young? I turn from the press to contemplate a place of entertainment especially devoted to the young females of the class to which your correspondent evidently belongs—I mean the Italian Opera. There I am sure I must have seen him with his girls on many occasions during last season, when the list of favourite operas consisted of *Norma*, *Don Giovanni*, *Rigoletto*, *Traviata*, *Lucrezia Borgia*, *Faust*, and the *Sonnambula*. Has he anxiously examined each play-bill of that theatre? I must take leave to do so. *Norma* is a vestal priestess who has been seduced. She discovers her paramour in an attempt to seduce her friend, another vestal priestess, and in despair contemplates the murder of her bastard children. *Don Giovanni* is the proverbial hero whose career represents the romance of successful adultery and debauchery. *Rigoletto* exhibits the agony of a father obliged to witness the prostitution of his own child. *Traviata* is the progress of a transcendental harlot. *Lucrezia Borgia* is a history of adultery not unassociated with incest. *Faust* is the most specious apology for seduction, ending with the apotheosis of crime—Margaret, who murders her mother and her illegitimate child, is carried up to heaven. The *Sonnambula* is the most idyllic, the most innocent of the Italian repertoire, and perhaps the most popular. In this play we see a young girl, on the night before her marriage, entering the bedroom of a gentleman just as he is retiring to rest. She is in her night-dress and carries a flat candlestick. She gets into his bed. In this situation she is found by her intended husband. The difficulties arising out of this condition of affairs constitute the plot of the drama. The daughters of your correspondent possess charming voices. He is proud of them. How often have they delighted him and his friends with the choice morsels of these operas! I may have heard his elder girl with passionate expression warbling to some young tenor gentleman 'No, no I am not guilty' in the duet from the *Sonnambula*, or I may have listened to the younger daughter in the character of the *Traviata* breathing in impassioned accents the confession of her frailty. Yet these young ladies who are encouraged to practice such scenes daily at the family pianoforte would be outraged by attending a performance of *Formosa*! Your 'Amateur Critic' would desire, perhaps, to establish obscurantism in a limited manner, and draw the line between the English theatre on one side and the Press and the Italian opera on the other. I decline to ac-

cept that moral disfranchisement. I decline to enter the convent the doors of which he holds open. Such discipline has been proved to be ineffectual. Young girls learn more evil at school than they learn from the world when they enter it. The proprieties and delicate sentiments which form the basis of society are engendered by a knowledge of wrong as much as by a sense of right, and I earnestly believe that contact with and a true knowledge of the world purges many a young mind of much perilous stuff, the growth of curiosity and ignorance in the seminary. I honour your correspondent for his convictions; I beg him to respect mine. He observes that the piece *pays*, and that, he suggests, is my chief object. This sarcasm is supposed to bite into the core of the question. I cannot feel its tooth. I fail to understand the reproach. Yes, it does pay. That is, the

great public differ in opinion with your correspondent, so he declares all dissentients to be impure and debauched in taste. I pass that. And I repeat it does pay; I know of no other test of success. Am I to understand that to do what does not pay is a worthy object of attainment, and failure is the true road to consideration? I so differ with this view that I profess to you I hold it to be better to do a small thing well than fail in an enterprise beyond my capacity. And I have succeeded in the enterprise your correspondent rightly regards to be a revolution of the English stage by the production of *Formosa*. It was calculated and deliberate. I, at least, have submitted long enough to a ridiculous restriction. I have broken down a barrier which prejudice had established. I have proclaimed a literary thoroughfare, with the full approbation of the public. And I mean to keep it open."

"IT IS I."

"Straightway Jesus spake unto them, saying, It is I; be not afraid."

"And he said, Come."—ST. MATT. XIV. 27—29.

LORD, it is Thou I and I can walk
Upon the heaving sea,
Firm in a vexed unquiet way,
Because I come to Thee.
If Thou art all I hope to gain
And all I fear to miss,
There is a highway for my heart
Through rougher seas than this.

And step by step on even ground
My trembling foot shall fall,
Led by Thy calm inviting voice,
Thou Lord and Heir of all.
The very thing I cannot bear,
And have not power to do,
I hail the grace that could prepare
For me to carry through.

These waters would not hold me up
If Thou wert not my end;
But whom Thou callest to Thyself
Even wind and waves defend.
Our very perils shut us in
To thy supporting care.
We venture on the awful deep,
And find our courage there.

When I have nothing in my hand
Wherewith to serve my King,
When Thy commandment finds me weak
And wanting everything,
My soul, upon Thy greatness cast,
Shall rise divinely free;
Then will I serve with what Thou hast,
And gird myself with Thee.

It shall be strength, howe'er it tend, —

The bidding sweet and still
Which draws to one ennobling love
And one benignant will.
Most precious when it most demands,
It brings that cheering cry
Across that rolling tide of life, —
"Take heart! for it is I."

Oh, there are heavenly heights to reach
In many a fearful place,
Where the poor timid heir of God
Lies blindly on his face;
Lies languishing for life divine
That he shall never see
Till he go forward at Thy sign,
And trust himself to Thee.

Why should I halt because of sin
Which Thou hast put away?
Let all the truth on every side
Rebuke me as it may!
With Thee, my Saviour, full in view,
I know it shall but bless;
It shall but centre all my hope
In glorious righteousness.

Forth from some narrow frail defence,
Some rest thyself below,
Some poor content with less than all
My soul is called to go.
Yes, I will come! I will not wait
An outward calm to see.
And, O my glory, be Thou great
Even in the midst of me.

A. L. WARING.

Sunday Magazine

From The Economist.
THE EMIGRATION OF CHINAMEN TO INDIA
AND AMERICA.

THERE is probably no movement of the human race about which it is so necessary that the public of Europe should form a distinct opinion, should in fact come to a resolution to promote or to resist it, as the immigration of the Chinese into the countries nominally or really under European control. No other movement, except indeed the emigration of Europeans from their original seats into distant dependencies approaches it in immediate importance, and no other, not even that extraordinary exodus — so greatly beyond any movement of the old world in magnitude and in permanence of effect — will so greatly affect the future of the human race, the ultimate course of human affairs, and the geographical distribution of human energy. It is nearly certain, after every allowance has been made for travellers' exaggeration, that the population of China includes one fourth, or rather, for Africa should be excluded from the calculation, one clear third of the human race, and that this third multiplies as fast as the highest race of Europe — that it feels the pressure produced by that multiplication as intensely as Great Britain, or Germany, or New England, and that it is as willing to relieve it by emigration to distant lands. Such an emigration, though little noticed, has been going on for some time, and has already produced some remarkable results. It has for instance completely restored the prosperity of the ancient kingdom of Siam. The great valley of the Meinam had, like Cambodia, Malaya, and indeed all countries between India and China Proper became emptied of inhabitants, when about ninety years ago some cause as yet unknown attracted thither a portion of the Chinese overflow of human beings. Within half a century the valley was refilled with an industrious quiet people, who have accepted Siamese laws, who pay Siamese taxes, and who form in all the respects considered by external nations, a Siamese population. So vast is the population of China however that this emigration has almost escaped comment — the three millions of emigrants not being so much as noticed even by the Mandarins, whose authority they quitted. Sir Bartle Frere, in a speech delivered before the British Association this week, has observed that a similar wave would repeople the vast and deserted valley of the Burrampooter, now a British possession, and has predicted that if ever a road is constructed between that valley and

Western China that immigration would occur. A wave of Chinese population, tempted by the spectacle of fertile land still unoccupied, would silently flow forward, and the valley of the Burrampooter, and probably the Delta of the Irrawaddy, would for the second time be filled up. As China loses nothing by this removal of its overplus, a removal which merely extinguishes the infanticide by which the Empire now tries to keep down the pressure of its population on its means of subsistence, the filling up of these three valleys alone, that of the Meinam, of the Burrampooter, and of the Irrawaddy, means the addition of a prosperous people of say forty millions to the effective human family, the family which produces and exports.

Such an emigration by itself would be of some importance, but it is completely undone by a new movement which has set in within the last twenty years. The Chinese, supposed to be the most immobile of races, have in that short period developed a high capacity for emigration beyond seas. Wherever the British or the American flag flies, they seem as willing and as able to go as Germans, Englishmen, or New Englanders. No consideration of distance, of climate, or of circumstance seems to have any effect upon them beyond this one, that for some reason not yet fully explained but probably connected with the Anglo-Saxon habit of letting everybody alone, they prefer countries ruled by English-speaking men. They would, unless prevented, fill up Australia. They have filled Singapore. They are swarming into the Pacific States of the Union in such numbers that they press upon the white immigrants, and acute observers believe that unless arrested by external violence the immigration, now exceeding 1,000 a month, will rise to 10,000, and the future population of that great region will be Chinese in blood. And finally it is expected that they will fill up all the vast half-occupied regions known as the Southern States of the Union, the great semi-tropical valleys which till 1860 possessed a monopoly of the cotton cultivation, and were supposed by many to be the destined home of a cultivated negro race. That destiny, however, would be greatly affected by the importation of Chinese at the rate of 10,000 a month, the rate now expected and indeed provided for by contracts, for the Chinaman, with all the climatic capabilities of the negro, possesses powers, and especially the power of reconciling himself to white leadership, in which the negro is deficient. He eats him out, and in all but the most temperate regions

he eats the white man out too, and it is not too much to affirm that if the immigration is unresisted, the Southern and Pacific States of America will, by the close of next century, in all human probability be closely filled with a population of Chinese origin.

It is worth while to consider whether a movement so vast in itself, and one which so clearly crosses the movement of population from Europe, is beneficial or otherwise, more especially as the white population of the States affected asserts loudly that it is not, and are willing — if supported by opinion — to bring it to an end. They are considered in Europe at once selfish and silly for their resistance, and the modes they adopt are no doubt cruel; but popular instincts are rarely without some justification, and it may be worth while to consider whether in this particular instance the justification is great or little; whether in fact a vast immigration of Chinese into the Pacific sea-board and the Southern States of America would be a good thing or a bad thing for the world. In arguing it, we of course set aside the assumption that the Chinese have an absolute *right* to go there, for they do not possess it in any sense which politicians can recognize. They have of course as much right as Englishmen or Germans, but then they have no more, and no one would dispute the right of Americans to say that no more Englishmen or Germans should hold land within their dominion, or indeed settle their at all. Such a policy might be, indeed would be, most short-sighted and inexpedient, but it was once the policy of every European State, and certainly does not transcend the admitted prerogative of every independent people.

1. It may be taken as certain that the Chinese immigration would be an economic and in one way a moral good to the world. China can afford, without any perceptible loss of strength, to throw off a portion of her population, and China is so vast and so thickly filled that such a portion would be sufficient in a wonderfully short space of time to bring the whole Western seaboard of the American Continent under cultivation. The American papers speak of ten thousand emigrants a month as a possible number; but there exists no reason whatever, if profitable employment can be found for the emigrants, why that number should not be multiplied tenfold, why, in fact, the emigration from China should not greatly exceed the emigration from Europe; and it is nearly certain that the means of profitable employment exist. No one would ques-

tion that, if the dispute were about Europeans, and all evidence goes to prove that, man for man, the Chinese is the economic equal of the European. He may lack something of his breadth of grasp and his audacious energy, but he is nearly as strong, more industrious, more patient, more familiar with the little agriculture, and suffers less from miasma and other diseases of semi-tropical climates. He likes work as no other Asiatic does, and will work on for sixteen hours a-day if only he can see a prospect of money in return. Indeed, as a matter of fact, he proves rather too strong a rival to the European, "eats him out," as the saying is, that is, offers labour which the capitalist finds, upon the whole, more productive or more manageable. Clearly therefore his arrival is equivalent economically to the arrival of so many more Europeans, to the more rapid settlement of the empty American spaces, which settlement is so much clear gain for the world, without, as China is too full of people, any corresponding loss. In the Pacific States no labour is supplanted, and in the South the labour supplanted can be applied in a more profitable form. The extremely contradictory evidence as to the natural industry of the negro amounts, we believe, when well sifted very nearly to this: when independent, the owner that is of a minute estate, the negro like the Bengalee is as industrious as anybody else, that is he will do all the work needful to yield him the physical comfort he desires, the amount of which gradually though somewhat slowly increases with his civilization; he will not, however, work heartily for wages. The Chinaman, on the other hand, though extremely greedy of wages, so greedy that the most desperate efforts to enslave him have always failed, will if paid wages work industriously. In other words, he is capable of the work which requires combination — as for instance cotton cultivation — as well as of the work which does not; and is therefore not so much a rival as a supplement to the negro. We may take it therefore, we believe, that every million of Chinese added to the population of the Union is an addition of a million industrials to the general reservoir of producing capacity throughout the world.

2. This is a pure gain, but it has some heavy drawbacks. In the first place the popular assumption that the Chinaman in settling in America does not oust a European, because there is room for all, is like most such assumptions a trifle too absolute. No doubt there is room for all, but men's foibles must be considered in any estimate

of their producing strength—for instance, it is folly in such estimates to omit the probability that the European will devote part of his strength to the production of useless liquors—and the most constant of all European foibles is a disinclination amounting to mania to toil with his hands by the side of any non-European race. There is absolutely no reason to be assigned for the prejudice; but it is certain that he feels labour under such circumstances disgraceful, and that he will accept discomfort or even hunger rather than perform it. That was the case in the Southern States where, with a most fertile soil, the white men in presence of the negroes could never be induced to toil, and it is the case in California and Australia wherever Chinamen congregate thickly. A large emigration of Chinese means therefore the banishment of Europeans, and that evil, so far as it is an evil, must be taken into the account. Economically it is not an evil, the Chinamen being as competent as the European; but morally and politically we are not so sure. It is pretty clear that the kind of Chinaman who emigrates is a man of very inferior *morale*. We do not refer to his vices, though they strike at the very root of the social organization or to his creed, though in America Buddhism seems to decline into a lower system, or even to his indifference to truth, but to his apparent incapacity of moral improvement. The educated and well-to-do Chinese does not appear even in many generations to rise above the uneducated Chinese while tempted by poverty. There has been no time yet for full inquiry, but the Chinaman in some places has been under British rule for three generations, and there is great reason to fear that his special defect, his liability to become stereotyped, to be a sort of moral fossil, is not

removed by emigration. The one specialty of the European, his apparent capacity for unlimited improvement, is wanting; and the substitution of Chinese for Europeans is therefore the substitution of an immovable for an advancing race, ultimately a terrible loss to the world. Moreover, it is very doubtful whether the Chinaman's political capacity is equal to his industrial. That he can organize is certain, but that he can organize under the primary condition of leaving men free is much more doubtful. In this instance also time is required for full inquiry; but the little experience already gained is by no means favourable, for it tends to show that the Chinaman, impatient of freedom, invariably sets up an *imperium in imperio* of the most relentless kind; that he will maintain what he considers social order by a system of secret capital punishment pitilessly administered. It is certain that he has done this in Singapore, where he is as free as an Englishman in Liverpool, and that he shows an inclination to do this in Australia where he is disliked and outnumbered; and it is probable that this tendency is instinctive, that the Chinaman let alone becomes Japanese, a man who organizes civilized society through intense and cruel compression. A red thread stretched across a street will restrain a Japanese crowd, because the man who breaks the thread will be put to death, and it is towards that kind of order that Chinamen seem to tend. We do not say that it is bad order, we pass no opinion; but it is certain that no society so organized could co-exist with American society, and consequently probable that in admitting the Chinese the Americans are once more preparing for the disintegration of their great Republic.

VOICES.

SAID the lily to the bee,
 "Come, rover, lodge with me,
 And I'll distil for thee
 Rare sweets to make honie;"
 And the bee, sharp and wise,
 Plunged into Paradise.

To the lark upon the lea,
 The cloud hailed, "Fly to me,
 And I will breathe on thee
 All dews of harmonie;"
 And the lark jubilant,
 Rose heavenward with a chant.

Sighed the white moon, pensiveli,
 "Sing, nightingale, to me,
 And I will ope to thee
 Clear wells of ecstasie;"
 And sweet the nightingale
 Thrilled all the nooky vale.

Moaned the lover by the tree,
 "Haste, beautiful, to me,
 And bending on true knee,
 Pure heart I'll give to thee;"
 And, mooning in her charms,
 She glimmered to his arms.
 Tinsley's Magazine.

From The Pall Mall Gazette, 28 August.
THE CHANCES OF PEACE.

THE Prussian ministerial organ, the *Provincial Correspondenz*, publishes a long article on the prospects of peace in Europe, which is evidently intended as an official comment on the paper war now going on. The article begins by alluding to a passage in the Queen's Speech at the last prorogation of our Parliament, in which her Majesty says that her confidence in the duration of peace "has during the past year been maintained and confirmed." "This assurance," the writer continues, "has, with good reason, made a favourable impression on public opinion in Europe, not only because it is couched in unequivocal terms, but also because the British Government has for some time assumed so impartial an attitude in face of continental disputes that it is peculiarly competent to give an unprejudiced judgment;" and the pacific anticipations of the Cabinet of St. James's "are fully justified by the general condition of Europe and the circumstances of the position of each of the leading Powers." Peace has not been broken, adds the ministerial organ, for three years; the excitement and uncertainty at first produced by the events of 1866 are fast disappearing; "there is no dispute now pending on the field of European politics which can give any cause for a fear of serious complications or a warlike conflict;" and "the Governments which exercise a preponderant influence on the course of events would act in decided opposition to the wishes and requirements of their subjects if they did not use every means in their power to prevent every complication dangerous to peace, or decline sincerely to assist in clearing up any misunderstandings that may arise." The writer then reviews the position of each of the great Powers. England, he says, occupies a position "fully in accordance with the requirements of the situation;" she is becoming more and more convinced that "national prosperity is to be secured not by an accession of power and influence, but by striving after internal reforms, and by the development of industry under the protection of peaceful and friendly relations abroad;" the continuance of peace is an indispensable condition of her being able to deal successfully with "the serious questions raised by the last Reform Bill, the

disturbances in Ireland, and the relations of the colonies with the mother-country;" and her statesmen "do not conceal their conviction that they can hardly have a more effective support in their work of peace than is to be found in the strengthening and the friendship of Germany." Italy and Russia also require peace to settle difficult questions at home. "Russia especially has evidently striven by her conduct to remove the suspicions so often felt that she aims at a violent disturbance of the Levant, and an increase of her territory by the destruction of the Turkish Empire." In France the hostile voices which were at first heard to condemn the results of the war of 1866 have been silenced, and "the ablest and most influential leaders of all parties have recognized the rights of the German nation, and the advantages for France of a friendly understanding with her neighbour. . . In the last elections the leading principle of the foreign policy of the majority was 'peace with Germany.'" The Emperor Napoleon, too, who has at every opportunity declared his respect for the rights of nationalities, has by his recent concessions proved that he desires peace. In Austria, on the other hand, "the leading spirits" are not yet reconciled with the reorganization of Germany which has followed the events of 1866. "The consequence is an undecided, equivocal attitude, which, while ostensibly very pacific, yet secretly tends to the very opposite object. This explains why the relations between Austria and Prussia have hitherto not been as friendly as is desirable for the good of both States. But the force of events and of internal wants must in the end gain the victory over these elements of resistance. A Government which has endless difficulties at home to overcome, which has to strive with the consequences of a continual financial collapse, and the widely conflicting efforts of a heterogeneous body politic, cannot continue an uncertain policy which always contains the germs of dangerous complications,"—especially as "public opinion in Austria demands the unreserved recognition of the national reorganization of Germany." In conclusion the article declares that Prussia has the most pacific intentions, and that since the treaty of Prague she "has always had the best wishes for friendly relations with the Austro-Hungarian monarchy."

END OF VOL. CII.



